

THE
SONS OF ST. DAVID.

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THE
SONS OF ST. DAVID;

A Cambro-British historical Tale,

OF THE

FOURTEENTH CENTURY.



WITH EXPLANATORY NOTES AND REFERENCES.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

BY GRIFFITHS AP GRIFFITHS, Esq.

O galon a haedioni,
O blaid, dôs a'r bêl i ti.

Of heart and generosity, from the multitude, for thyself, bear away the bell.

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THE
SONS OF ST. DAVID.

CHAPTER I.

“ You want to lead
My reason blindfold, like a hamper'd lion,
Check'd in't its noble vigour; that when baited
Down to obedient tameness, make it couch,
And show strange tricks, which you call signs of faith;
So silly soul, are gull'd, and you get money.”

Procrastination.

THIE arraignment of the prisoner was summary. In half an hour a court-baron sat in judgment on the recreant

priest. Twice had he been solemnly called upon for his plea, and he stood mute. The indignant chief then propounded a question, and no answer being returned, he declared that in case of longer contumacy the rack should be his doom.

How like a hateful ape,
Detected grinning midst his pilfer'd hoard,
A cunning man appears, whose secret frauds
Are opened to the day!

COUNT BASIL.

At length the accused spoke, by denying the jurisdiction of a court-baron over him in spiritual concerns, and asserting that he was amenable to the pope alone.

“ Ah, sayst thou to me of a pope?
in such a case as this, my family insulted,
I would take the pope's bull by his
horns,

horns, and throw him into the Tiber. Thou talkest to me of nothing when thou namest the pope! for long before St. Peter was mitred, my ancestors sat in this seat of justice. Say then, apostate priest, why the prince's armour was debased by easing the filthy body of a barefooted, begging friar, who in return for my fostering him beneath my warm roof, like the snake, turns and gnaws the very heart-strings of his benefactor? Talk then to me no more of popes, but on the instant answer the accusations of these terrified maidens. By your law it requires a septuagint of witnesses to convict a cardinal of fornication—here one single evidence shall suffice to convict an artful monk of imposition." This replied the indignant chief.

"Kind sir," returned the sycophant,

“ere you proceed in this your hasty ordeal, grant me time to prepare my defence. You would not dishonour my holy order without taking my plea into consideration.”

By this time the ire of Ap Rhys had somewhat abated, and, after a pause, he said—“ Be it so; but rest assured I shall soon again call together my court.” Then he arose, ordered his seneschal to adjourn the proceedings, and granted the priest three days to prepare himself.

When the chief visited his daughter, he entered upon the late mystery. Llydila observed that her women had fancied that the armour shook every day since his return, which they had, from time to time, communicated to her; but fearing to give her father fresh disquiet, she had enjoined them to keep their idle fears,

fears, as she would have believed, secret, until the last increased agitation of the armour frightened them into screams of terror."

"There," replied Ap Rhys, "you did wrong; a daughter, while yet unmarried, ought not to keep matters of import from the knowledge of her parents."

The priest sullenly retired to his dormitory, ordered his attendant, a lay-brother, to bring him food for three days, and, in the meantime, on no consideration to knock at his door, having matters of high import to his holy functions to meditate upon.

In those times the clergy acted in a threefold capacity. They had the cure of both body and soul; and in the trade of physic they added what the enlightened part of the French call *le prêtre charlatan.*

charlatan. They amused the ignorant with pageantry, and thundered out their anathemas on those who were slack in contributions to support the voluptuousness of their refectories. They frightened others by the appearance of the wound given in the side of our Saviour upon the cross, by the Jewish soldier, bleeding afresh, while tears again trickled down that of the Virgin; and the figures of saints shook their heads upon the sins of mankind. These impious tricks were played off, by introducing a meagre priest into the hollow of the idol, and from a sponge dipped in the warm blood of the slaughtered lamb, squeezing it against the inside of the aperture. In like manner was the porous substance dipped in brine, and applied to the eyes of Mary.

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The wondering dupes not only saw, but were directed to taste the saline liquid, and thus they confessed them real tears.

As the mountebank (*charlatan*) moves Punch, Death, and the Devil, by concealed mechanism, and as the ingenious Chinese construct our chimney ornaments of the stiff emblems of themselves, by pulling the beard of the man, or touching the foretop of the lady, the heads are in motion for a few minutes, so did Catholic priests produce contortion in the figures of their saints and apostles. These barefaced impositions they insisted were miracles wrought by God, as a warning to mankind to amend their lives; but soon as “money was put into the plate,” the blood ceased to flow,

the tears to weep, and the troubled saints were again at rest.

In far later times than these have we numerous instances of princes and men in high authority so bigoted, so besotted with priestcraft, as to suffer themselves to be ruled, and even chastised, by the rod of the church. One of the most conspicuous of these imbecile men was Ferdinand, archduke of Gratz, afterwards emperor of Germany. This monarch, instead of ruling with justice and equity over his people, suffered himself to be so entirely governed by artful priests, that he declared "he heard the voice of a monk as he would that of Heaven." His own confessor thus writes of him—"Nothing on earth was more sacred in his eyes than the priesthood—

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‘Did it happen,’ he was oft heard to say, ‘that an angel from heaven and a clergyman were to meet him at the same time and place, the clergyman should receive his first, and the angel the second act of his obeisance.’

But Ferdinand, like indeed all men of such monstrous credulity, had occasion to abate this reverence when he discovered how much he had been duped by the artful father Joseph, a monk of great religious celebrity. That crafty priest prevailed upon the emperor to dismiss his experienced and faithful general, count Wallenstein, in order that his son Ferdinand might be elected king of the Romans; and when he had obtained the disgrace of the officer, he took effectual care (to serve his own latent purpose) to defeat the election. On finding

this, the bigot emperor exclaimed—"A wicked capuchin has disarmed me by his rosary, and enclosed no less than six electors" (princes of Germany to vote against him) "in his cowl."

Such was once the character of a Romish priest; but

"Fashion in every thing bears sovereign sway."

So says the poet, and let us see if his song is not true, even in the professors of piety. Towards the close of the last century, an observing traveller in Wales thus speaks of a protestant parochial priest of that day.

"This venerable man (the parson of the parish), who had scarcely reached his fifty-eighth year, loved all his parishioners so tenderly, that he was incessantly exhorting them from the pulpit

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to check any wish Satan may awaken in their minds to leave their native sequestered vales, and seek vicious cities and a corrupted world. He frequently repaired to their cottages, and was so bent upon increasing their happiness, that he willingly sacrificed a portion of his dignity as a minister of the church to their amusement. Every Sunday evening, as he put on his gown to preach, he always concealed his fiddle and fiddle-stick under it ; and no sooner were the prayers and sermon over, than he hastened to an adjoining lawn, and unrobing himself, took his station on the top of an ale barrel, at the foot of a large tree, and began to display his musical talents in a manner that set all the bare-footed lasses and youths dancing.

“ The conduct of this worthy minis-

ter afforded me such fair ground for suppositions, that I could not resist the overpowering bias of my disposition; and what proved rather unfortunate for me, I was unable to keep my own remarks secret. Conscious that every parishioner was obliged to pay him tithes, I fancied he advised them so strongly not to settle in towns, which he represented as the seat of all vices, merely in order that his income might suffer no diminution. His frequent visits were paid, I thought, rather to the poultry and pigs, whose increase he watched, than to the villagers themselves. As to his wishing to amuse the youth of the hamlet, and teach them to take innocent and useful exercise, the plentiful draughts of ale with which he was supplied, and the collection always made in his favour, caused

caused me to believe that he was not so disinterested as he always studied to appear.

“These observations I communicated to my companions, who spread them through the village; and it was soon resolved to try their truth, by allowing the parson, the following Sunday, to play on his fiddle without any refreshment whatever. He bore this deprivation with a tolerable grace, finding it was a premeditated trick played upon him. Next day he was so persevering in his search for the author, that he traced the mischief to my door, and I was fain to leave the hamlet.”

CHAPTER II.

Death, like a lazy master, stands aloof,
And leaves his work to the slow hand of famine.

DRYDEN.

The Flight from Justice.

A RECENT author says—"I take the errors and absurdities of the Roman Catholic tenets and doctrines to have arisen merely from this—that as soon as the Christian religion came to make its way in the world, to be established in government, and endowed with lands, benefices, jurisdictions, and other temporal emoluments, certain deists, or moral heathens, began to attack the church as a mere

mere political institution, framed to overturn states and kingdoms; urging, that there appeared to have been no sort of necessity for a revelation which had advanced nothing new, or unknown to mankind before, from the pure light of nature and philosophy. Thus, then, the best evidence of its divine origin—its being but a more rational, compact, and refined system of ethics, introduced with humility, recommended with meekness, and practised with mortification and self-denial—neither enforced with worldly power, nor subversive of any law, natural, moral, or political—was pleaded against it.

“ Upon which the councils of priests in those days, alarmed for their temporal estates, power, and dominion, began to convene themselves together, in
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the devil's name, and put every text of scripture on the rack, to confess articles of faith and practice of such extraordinary natures as the light of reason could never have dictated, and which were directly contrary to whatever its logic could ever have submitted to; such as infallibility, transubstantiation, supererogation, absolution, indulgence, dissolving of allegiance, temporal jurisdiction, inquisition, corporal penances, and propagating the gospel of peace and mercy by the arguments of fire and sword. The infidels were nonsuited upon this."

The time granted to the friar to prepare his defence, or confess his motive for skulking in the armoury, had passed. As had been agreed upon, on the morn of the third day, Ap Rhys ordered his

lieutenant

Lieutenant to summon the accused, but no priest answered. Then the door of his dormitory was forced open—the room was empty, and every vestige of its late occupier gone. From its situation it was easy to descend into the court-yard, and he could easily pass the sentinel on the drawbridge unsuspected; these kind of holy fathers having at all times free egress and regress wherever they might choose to visit in their different capacities, it was evident that the brother in question had taken these advantages to avoid, by flight, the scrutiny of his offended protector. It would have been in vain to commence a pursuit, the fugitive, in all probability, having at least two days' start; and every monastery being then regarded as a sanctuary, he had,

had, doubtless, found shelter from the punishment due to impostors.

The lay-brother who was hired to wait upon this ungrateful priest was summoned before the chief. In this wretched man were pictured fright and famine. His face was sharp and meagre, and his lank frame seemed to stalk in shrivelled skin and projecting bones.

The master marvelled at beholding one of his serving-men with famine in his looks. To the question of the cause which had thus reduced him, he replied, want of sufficient food; and that he had long been curtailed of that which nature craved; that the holy father was furnished with an appetite that devoured nearly the whole allowance supplied for both, and ever drank the wine to

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the last drop. Thus he had been long reduced to subsist upon the crumbs moistened with water.

"I knew not," replied the chief, as the big tear stood in his eye, "that distress or famine dwelt within these walls. Poor man! I was ignorant of thy sufferings. Hie thee to the buttery, fill thy lank sides, and anon will I send for thee, to lay open the impositions of thy late unfeeling superior."

Soon as the hungry could be fed, Ap Rhys, anxious to develop the sinister views of the priest, sent for the lay-brother, who, further interrogated, said that the most degrading services were exacted from him by the holy father; that he never spoke but in the surly tone of authority, and forbade him con-

versing

versing with the domestics of the castle, or the men at arms in garrison.

“ Severely art thou schooled in adversity; but merit my favour,” replied the chief, “ and thy lot shall be amended.”

Respecting the flight of the friar, he said, that he was by him ordered to petition for three days’ allowance, having matter of high import to the holy church to arrange, and that he must not be intruded upon during that time.

“ And didst thou so?” eagerly inquired the chief; “ didst thou give up thy very crumbs for three days? Thou weapest, wretched man! perhaps in that time thou didst not taste food?”

‘Twas so—the man of affected piety was so uncharitable as to leave a fellow-creature

creature to three days' fasting; for not a fragment was left behind.

Of the tricks played by him in the armoury, he said, that learning his chief to be about uniting himself to the noble family of De Wellinge, the priest was sorely grieved, having given great cause for offence to the noble lord, the head of that house; and he greatly deprecated that by such a union he should receive his deserved punishment. This he thought to prevent by alarming the household with a belief that the ghosts of the family ancestors were repugnant to the desires of his respected chief—“By threats,” continued the ghastly informant, “he made me enter one of the steeled cases, for he was so big and bloated, that he could scarce mount so high

high as the pedestal. When my young lady was terrified, I was his wicked agent; and when you entered, my fears were as great as hers. On my escape from detection, I offered up a vow to the Holy Virgin never again to be guilty of such sacrilegious and mischievous wickedness. Thus was the priest obliged himself to do this part of his work of abomination, and happily his first experiment proved his detection."

The chief was satisfied with the truth of this story; and pitying the oppressed man's sufferings, which he knew, under such a task-master, must have been most painful to endure, determined, seeing that the lay-brother could make responses, read, and count his beads, to appoint

appoint him to the priest's abdicated rank in the household and garrison of Castle Rhys.

CHAPTER III.

The banquet waits our presence ; festal joy
Laughs in the mantling goblet, and the night,
Illumin'd by the taper's dazzling beam,
Rivals departed day. *Barbarossa.*

A Welsh State Marriage.

FROM the moment in which the plotting friar fled, all was quiet in the castle. The fallen armour was carefully replaced on its pedestal, and the first functions of the new priest, formed out of what was left of the lay-brother, were exercised in an oblation to the shrine of the spirit of that princely hero for the profanation done to his memory.

Scarce had the time limited for mourning

ing passed, when Ap Rhys began his preparations for the consummation of his second marriage. The ox, the fatted calf, and the lamb, were slaughtered; a band of minstrels ordered to hold themselves in readiness; the furniture was cleared of dust, and every thing prepared for the reception of the intended bride.

Again were the troops, almost rusty from long want of exercise, mustered; and, as on the former visit, the commander was escorted to the Castle de Wellinger. A longer previous notice having now been given, the banquet was served in a somewhat less ignoble style. Few words and little time, the very essence of these kinds of bargains, sufficed for the fixing of the happy day—it was prompt—a week from the mo-

inent in which it was made. No consideration remained, save doubts that notice of the important impending event might not be fully proclaimed. But love, all-conquering love, cannot brook delay, and the utmost limits were still confined to seven days. This finally settled, the happy chief departed in the morn, and hastened back to dispatch couriers, with general invitations, to the ancient families of North Wales, to witness his second tie in wedlock.

“The dawn was overcast, the morning lowered, and heavily in clouds brought on the day, the great, the auspicious day, big with the fate of—” Gwyllim and Dorothea. No covered vehicles were then in use—no arms were then emblazoned on the pannels of the family-coach —a well-trained, ambling palfrey was the luxury

luxury of female travelling. The zig-zag lightning flashed, the rain fell in torrents, and the waters from the mountains in a few hours rendered impassable the roads to Llangavenny Castle. Happily the intended bride and her noble brother arrived there *incog.* the preceding evening, as by agreement fixed and determined. A few who resided nearest to the festive scene arrived, but the greater part of the intended visitors were glad to escape danger by flood in a retreat.

Malgré this opposition of the elements, the little but powerful god of love having lighted Hymen's torch, would not consent to the postponement of his rites. The sun did not show his meridian height, but by the hour-glass noonday ran its sand, when the sacra-

mental ceremonies were to commence. The late lay-brother now appeared in sacerdotal robes, somewhat sleeker than when stinted by the gluttonous friar, and took his post at the altar of the castle chapel. A numerous band of minstrels were seated in the choir; boys, with shaved heads and in white robes, sprinkled holy water, and threw incense, according to the Romish church's reverend rites, and virgins strewed the way with flowers.

Then came a herald, bearing a baron's coronet, and proclaiming the approach of its rightful owner. Next were four men at arms, bending under the weight of the numerous parchment scrolls recording the pedigree of the ancient family of Ap Rhys, which, with the coronet, was placed upon the altar. At least

a score

a score of visitors of high birth, who had escaped the morning's flood, now moved up the aisle of the chapel. These were followed by lord de Wellinge and Llydila ap Rhys. The solemn procession was closed by the bride and bridegroom —he encased in armour of polished steel, his beard stained with a crimson dye— she in a white woollen robe, heavy with ornaments of precious metals. High mass was performed, for the first time, by the late lay-brother, who acted his part to admiration; then the wafers were broken, and divided between the happy pair, each swallowing a part; and thus were united in the holy state of matrimony, Gwyllin ap Rhys, widower, with the honourable Miss Dorothea de Wellinger, spinster; and which,

at the porch, the heralds proclaimed to the surrounding, dripping peasantry.

The banquet had been prepared to feast ten times the attending company, chairs and benches being placed round whole tables unoccupied in some of the antichambers. At the top of the largest banqueting-room was an elevation, canopied over like the throne of Edward. There sat the newly-joined pair, like Saturn and Cybele, while the benediction-posset was drank, and a cake, which had undergone many mystic invocations to Cupid and Hymen, and made with peculiar care, was broken over the head of the honourable bride, according to an ancient Welsh custom on such occasions, while the company scrambled for the fragments; the smallest particle where-

of, by long tradition acknowledged, when placed under the pillow, brought to sleeping fancy the object of the dreamer's love.

Thus it appeared, that although the elements did not wear their gayest look, or the sun shine upon the nuptials of the Welsh chief, yet those who arrived were satisfied with their cheer. They found that, in the true hospitality of their country—

“ ‘Twas merry in hall when beards wag all.”

CHAPTER IV.

“ Beauteous in form the harp appears,
Its music charms our ravish’d ears;
Less varied strains awake the grove,
Fill’d with the notes of spring and love;
Hither the muses oft shall throng,
Inspire the theme, and swell the song.”

Now the minstrel struck his lyre, and the less grave rudely footed and stepped to the lively strain. They figured their waltzes, chassées, cotillions, and country-dances; and fancied themselves agile and accomplished as the fantastical sets of a modern crowded ball-room.

Their music was almost exclusively the harp, and the performers were ever held

held in much estimation, each ancient family retaining their minstrel. The name of this ancient musician is allowed to have been derived from the French *ménétrier*, and was not in use before the Norman conquest. Minstrels seem, according to Dr. Percy, to have been the genuine successors of the ancient bards, who united the arts of poetry and music, and sung verses to the harp of their own composing.

It is well known what respect has been shown to their bards by the Britons, and no less was paid to the northern *scalds* (so called by the Danes) by most of the nations of Gothic race. Our ancestors had been accustomed to hold men of this profession in the highest reverence; their skill was considered as something divine—their persons were

deemed sacred—their attendance was solicited by kings—and they were every where loaded with honours and rewards. In fine, poets and their art were held among them in that rude admiration which is ever shown by an ignorant people to such as excel them in intellectual accomplishments.

When the Saxons were converted to Christianity, in proportion as letters prevailed among them, this rude admiration began to abate, and poetry was no longer a peculiar profession. The poet and the minstrel became two persons. Poetry was cultivated by men of letters indiscriminately, and many of the most popular rhymes were composed amid leisure and retirement; but the minstrels continued a distinct order of men, and got their livelihood by singing

ing verses to the harp at the houses of the great. There they were still hospitably and respectfully received, and retained many of the honours shown to their predecessors, the bards and scalds; and, indeed, though some of them only recited the compositions of others, many of them still composed songs themselves, and all of them could probably invent a few stanzas on particular occasions.

In the early ages this profession was held in great reverence, both among the Saxons and the Danes. This appears from two remarkable facts in history, which show that the same arts of music and song were equally admired among both nations, and that the privileges and honours conferred upon the professors of them were common to both. It is certain that their customs, manners,

and even language, were not, in those times, very dissimilar.

When our great king Alfred was desirous to learn the true situation of the Danish army which had invaded his realm, he assumed the dress and character of a minstrel, and taking his harp and only one attendant (for in the early times it was not unusual for a minstrel to have a servant to carry his harp), he went, with the utmost secrecy, into the Danish camp; and though he could not but be known to be a Saxon, the character he had assumed prepared him a hospitable reception: he was admitted to entertain the king at table, and staid among them long enough to contrive that assault which afterwards destroyed them.

A Danish king, threescore years afterwards,

wards, entered the camp of the British Athelstan. With his harp in his hand, and dressed like a minstrel, Anlaff, king of the Danes, went among the Saxon tents, and taking his stand near the king's pavilion, began to play, and was immediately admitted. There he entertained Athelstan and his lords with his singing and his music, and was at length dismissed with an honourable reward, though his songs must have discovered him to have been a Dane. Athelstan was saved from the consequences of this stratagem by a soldier, who had observed Anlaff bury the money which had been given him, from some scruple of honour, or motive of superstition.

From the uniform procedure of both these kings, it is plain that the same mode

mode of entertainment prevailed among both people, and that the minstrel was a privileged character among both. Even so late as the reign of Edward the Second, the minstrels were easily admitted into the royal presence, as appears from a passage in Stowe (*Survey of London, 1703*, page 496), which also shows the splendour of their appearance.

“ In the year 1316, Edward the Second did solemnize his feast of Pentecost at Westminster, in the great hall, where, sitting royally at the table, with his peers about him, there entered a woman, like a minstrel, sitting on a great horse, trapped as minstrels then used, who rode round the tables, showing pastime, and at length came unto the king’s table,

table, and laid before him a letter, and forthwith turning her horse, saluted every one, and disappeared."

The subject of this letter was a remonstrance to the king on the favours heaped by him on his minions (the imbecility of all kings), to the great neglect of his knights and faithful servants. The messenger was sent in a minstrel's habit, as a disguise which would gain an easy admission, and was a woman concealed in that habit, to disarm the king's resentment; for no real minstrels were of the female sex.

In the fourth year of Richard the Second, John of Gaunt, his uncle, erected at Tutbury, in Staffordshire, a court of minstrels, with a full power to receive fruit or service from the men of this profession

profession within five neighbouring counties—to enact laws and determine their controversies—and to apprehend and arrest such of them as should refuse to appear at the said court, annually held on the sixteenth day of August. For this they had a charter, by which they were empowered to appoint a king of the minstrels, with proper officers to preside over them. These were yearly elected with great ceremony; but they were then mere musicians.

Even so late as the reign of king Henry the Eighth, the reciters of verses, or moral speeches, learnt by heart, intruded, without ceremony, into all companies, not only at taverns, but even the houses of the nobility. This is told by Erasmus, whose argument led him

him only to describe a species of these men who did not sing their own compositions.

Minstrels continued until the reign of queen Elizabeth, in whose time they had lost much of their dignity, and were sinking into neglect and contempt. Yet still they sustained a character far superior to any thing we can conceive at present of the singers of old ballads.

When queen Elizabeth was entertained at Killingworth Castle in the year 1575, by the earl of Leicester, among the many devices and pageants which were exhibited for her entertainment, one of the personages introduced was that of an ancient minstrel, whose appearance and dress is, by Langham, thus described :—

“ A person very meet seemed he for
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the purpose of a xix years old; apparell'd partly as he would himself; his cap off; his head seemly rounded, tonsterwise (after the manner of monks), fair kembed (combed), that, with a sponge dipt in a little capon's grease, was finely smoothed, to make it shine like a mallard's wing. His beard smugly shaved (the reader will observe that beards were declining in the reign of Elizabeth); and yet his shirt, after the new trink (fashion), with ruffs fair starched, sleeked, and glittering like a pair of new shoes, marshalled in good order with a setting stick and strut, that every ruff stood up like a wafer. A side (long) gown of Kendale green, after the freshness of the year now, gathered at the neck with a yellow gorget, fastened afore with a white clasp and a keeper . close

close up to the chin, but easily, for heat, to do and undo when he list. Scemly begirt in a red caddis girdle; from that a pair of capped Sheffield knives, hanging a two sides. Out of his bosom drawn forth a lappit of his napkin (his handkerchief), edged with a blue lace. His gown had side (long) sleeves down to the midleg, slit from the shoulder to the hand, and lined with white cotton. His doublet sleeves of black worsted; upon them a pair of points of tawney chamlet, laced along the wrist with blue threaden points. A pair of pumps on his feet, with a cross cut at his toes for corns; not new indeed, but cleanly blacked with soot, and shining as a shoeing horn. About his neck a red ribbond, suitable to his girdle. His harp

harp in good grace dependant before him. His wrest (the key to tune his harp) tyed to a green lace, and hanging by. Under the gorget of his gown a fair flaggon chain of silver, as a squire-minstrel of Middlesex, that travelled the country this summer season unto fair and worshipful men's houses. From his chain hung a scutchicon, with metal and colour resplendant upon his breast, of the antient arms of Islington."

This minstrel is described as belonging to that village. Such as were retained by noble families wore their arms hanging down by a silver chain, as a kind of badge. From the expression of squire-minstrel above, we may conclude there were other inferior orders, as yeomen-minstrels. This minstrel,

strel, the author tells us a little below, “after three lowly courtesies, cleared his voice with a *hem*, and wiped his lips with the hollow of his hand, tempercd a string or two with his wrest, and after a little warbling on his harp for a prelude, came forth with a solemn song, warranted for story out of king Arthur’s acts.”

Towards the end of the sixteenth century this class of men lost all credit, and were sunk so low in the public opinion, that in the thirty-ninth year of the reign of queen Elizabeth, a statute was passed, by which “minstrels wandering abroad” were included among “rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars,” and were adjudged to be punished as such.

This

This act of parliament seems to have put an end to the profession, for after this time they are no longer mentioned.

CHAPTER V.

-Thus it shall befall
Him who, to worth in woman o'er-trusting,
Lets her will rule ; restraint she will not brook,
And left unto herself, if evil thence ensue,
She first his *weak indulgence* will accuse.

Paradise Lost.

The Bride.

THE course of our narrative now leads to a more intimate acquaintance with the character of the fair member of society whom our chief had selected to become the partner of all his future joys and cares. Should the real state of things impel us to present a portrait the very reverse of the living likeness of the good

good dame Matilda, or show an altered picture of the interior of the old castle, the fates alone are to blame. Fain would we have all the sex another soul of our own being, with all the desires which they excite, and wherein they participate, and with all our weaknesses, which they can commiserate, without yielding to their influence.

If a man be unhappy, he requires of his soul an energy to enable him to support the load of physical sufferings, and of moral evils still more difficult to sustain; but as this assistance must originate within himself, it necessarily partakes of the dejection which pervades his whole being. Should he resort to his other soul, he then feels how much the woman deserves his admiration, who approaches him with smiles, and ministers

ministers an unexpected balm to his sorrows; and he who makes himself sensible of every particle of his being, that although she may appear distinct from himself, yet is she, in fact, a part of himself. He observes the sweet participant of his joy and sorrows incessantly near him—who makes him anticipate consolation, even before it is offered—whom he assents to at once, without awaiting for the arguments of persuasion—and who appears an asylum against all misfortune.

But because we are endowed with corporeal strength, is it to follow that the fair sex are born to slavery or submission?—that they are to be dependant on our passions and caprices, awaiting the arbitrary decrees dictated to them by the forms of government and the

prejudices of men? Here adored as divinities, and esteemed as companions and equals; and again we regard them condemned to servitude and contempt. Yet, under all these different circumstances, we often see the well-disposed still retaining their characteristic distinctions, submitting with inexhaustible patience, and enduring with inconceivable fortitude. Their faults are not augmented under the pressure of distress and humiliation; and which of our qualities do they not possess? One alone, says Anaereon, has been denied them—prudence. But as they are everywhere led themselves, and never, unless by usurpation, are able to assume the lead of others, they have less inducement to the exercise of foresight than men. Their extreme sensibility, too, pleads their

apology

apology in this respect. Alive as they are to every impression that can excite their feelings, their situation is little calculated for the calm exertion of foresight; but being too apt to yield themselves up to the suggestions of the moment, they not unfrequently pass their lives in alternate action and repentance.

Various have been the opinions of celebrated writers with regard to the fair sex; some have considered them as equal in every respect to man, while others have condemned them to perpetual frivolities; and no doubt examples might be quoted, both in support and refutation of both these modes of judgment; yet it must be observed that the number of those who have written in their praise are much greater than their calumniators. Some have denied them

any share in political talents; yet how much address and intelligence have they not evinced in important intrigues, and even in negotiations! How many treaties and unlooked-for alliances have they conducted, in which the men received the honour, but the merit of it belonged to the women! How many great actions and great resolutions have been suggested and accomplished by them! What admirable enthusiasm have they not been able to excite, to lead on heroes to brilliant exploits, which they themselves were incapable of executing, and when they could only console themselves for standing idle spectators, by the flattering right of binding the laurels on the temples of the brave!

If men boast more prudence, women have less egotism; and so entirely do they

they devote themselves to others, that they give reason to believe that nature ordained the sacrifice. Among no people, even the most savage, have we seen the men obliged to offer themselves up a sacrifice to the tombs of their wives, as the women of the east have been on the funeral piles of their husbands; and the history of man affords us no instance of an illustrious and voluntary victim to love, such as queen Dido, and many others that might be mentioned.

Ever ready to commiserate our distresses, to participate in our joys, and to offer us every addition to our happiness, evincing only the fear of poverty in the means of assisting us; and if slighted or neglected in our prosperity, yet ready to return at our call, if fresh misfortunes assail us—how then can we choose but

to love them—to pity them? Withheld from the pursuits of business—often thwarted in the management of their domestic concerns bringing—us wealth which they never command—presenting us with children, which are never, when out of their arms, committed to their power—yet it cannot be denied, that if the one seems to be endowed with peculiar qualities not possessed by the other, we cannot deny the other advantages, equally to be valued, that where corporeal strength is wanting, they possess patience; and that with the exception of inventive genius, their intellectual faculties are not inferior to our own.

Such are the virtues and qualities of a truly-good woman; but then how dire the reverse! This said, it becomes painful

ful to proceed, seeing that we must delineate another picture. But as knowledge must be attained by comparison of the good and bad, as well as by precept, we resume our task, following the outlines of the traditional story on which we form our history.

The Pagan sage, Socrates, found himself so opposed and controlled by his wife, Xantippe, that he lost his peace of mind; other stoics and philosophers had their lives rendered miserable from being united to shrews—nobles have traced the cause of their domestic troubles to their lady's chamber—even drivellers of the new school, while denying the Trinity, are compelled to acknowledge that their wives will sometimes differ with them.

Did any reader, while scrutinizing

the follies and frailties of mankind, ever perceive a man who had played the tyrant to one wife, humbled by a second? and, *vice versa*, has no fair novelist known a widowed friend, left with an ample settlement and handsome paraphernalia, listen to the affected ravings of a youth, to whom, in numbered years, she might have been a mother, and impatient of the decent time allowed for wooing, lead her, blushing and trembling, again to the temple of Hymen? nay, have they not heard of the ungrateful boy, with words harsh—measures little short of coercive, squander her property, and then leave her alone to bewail “the sinful lusts of the flesh, the world, and the devil?” Those who have observed these things will not surely deem us too romantic in drawing such

such a picture within the long-honoured walls of Castle Rhys.

The indulgence on all occasions shown to the bride by the highly-honoured groom went in part unrequited, even as the honeymoon began her wane. Ere then he found a want of that submissive affection which he had ever found in her whom he would now have mentally called his dear, lost Matilda. Negligence followed, and opposition closed the train of ills brought with his bride beneath his once-happy roof. Backed by her *ig*-noble brother, she soon assumed the tone of authority; and then, under pretence of something wanting to be done at the castle they had left, like the unnatural treatment of old Lear, our chief found himself curtailed of half his

followers, who had been dispatched to stop therein the ravages of time.

Not less cause had the innocent Llydila to lament this hasty marriage. The honourable antique could not endure the young and beautiful gem of her sex; she considered the daughter of her husband, if not a rival, as standing between her and absolute sway in the castle. Llydila long bore the mortification of gradual privations of those little indulgences which she delighted in, and the increasing contempt and rigour of her stepmother. She saw her father yielding to her artifice, and she durst not complain; but even this she thought to bear another year, which would bring her to the possession of part of the estates granted by her grandfather—perhaps the protection of a husband.

This

This pious forbearance was, however, soon rendered intolerable by the nauseating behaviour of the old lord, who, at intervals, would intrude upon her solitude, aping the character of a lover. She feared the fumes of intoxication would some day lead him to rudeness; and thus was she compelled to seek a private interview with her father—a point difficult to attain, now that he was become subject to the caprice and malevolence of a designing man and woman, who already held him in their trammels.

At length opportunity favoured our heroine. While my lord was *spoiling* the late lay-brother, in teaching him the indulgence of luxury and the love of wine, for he could seldom get a companion over the goblet, and her honourable stepmother was exercising her maidens

with both tongue and touch, Llydila met her father strolling, in melancholy mood, along the outer rampart of the castle.

Under affliction ourselves, we cannot withhold the milk of human nature to the wants of others. Ap Rhys kissed the tear from the cheek of his child, and demanded the cause of her grief. At her complaint he groaned in mental anguish—"Llydila," said he, "my child, now than ever dearer to me, oh, what a change is here! But, dear girl, bear it yet a few days longer, that I may have time to ease thee of the misery I have thus entailed upon my family, and, mean time, I will set a watch over the ruffian debauchee who thus insults thy gentle nature. My power over him and his tattered vassals is yet in force, and

it

it shall go hard with the church itself if no longer I am to be master of my family and my castle. Thy ancestors, my child, shall not be debased by these insults to thee and myself, or the abominable sensualities of this lord, the disgrace of peerage. Retire then, my child; take no note of this interview, and a little longer bear the severity of thy mother-in-law."

The insulted husband and parent instantly went to his study, and prepared a scroll to lord Clifford, who had, with other noble personages, been prevented by the tempest from attending the late nuptial ceremony, requiring the immediate call of friendship, on matters of high import.

"A toad, fed on the vapours of a dungeon," is not such a wretch as a man of

sense

sense who has had the misfortune to be heartily in love with, and married to, a weak or worthless woman. Women are apt to be vain of such a conquest; but more, as the poet expresses it, for the triumph than the prize; for otherwise a fool they would count greater gain. They ignorantly flatter themselves, that they have been capable of imposing on men of understanding, when, in truth, it is they who have imposed upon themselves. Their pride will not suffer them to imagine they could ever sustain a passion for a fool; so helping the fair idiot out with their own sense and understanding, they often lend arms against themselves ere they are aware.

Such was the cause that led to the present quietude of Llangavenny Castle.

tle. It may be said, on the part of such an offender, that it is hard to separate the dross of vanity and exultation from the good qualities in a female, who, passing the bloom of youth, her beauty on the wane, and withal poverty chasing her to view: when a long-neglected fair one, her advocate may say, has an unexpected offer made her, and thereby becomes the wife of a man of rank and power, can she resist the exquisite sensations arising from vanity and exultation? Again, admitting the natural consequences of female frailty, might not a woman thus elevated be indulged in the liberty of turning her new home topsy-turvy, correcting the errors of her kitchen dependants, and curbing the pertness of a hoydenish daughter-in-law? Should the modern husband of such a

woman

woman complain of lack of love, want of respect, or even a thirst for domination, her advocate could, for plea, quote Dryden, a celebrated and a *married* poet—

“ There's no such thing as constancy we call;
Faith ties not hearts, 'tis inclination all ;
Some wit deform'd, or beauty much decay'd,
First constancy in love a virtue made ;
From friendship they the landmark did remove,
And falsely plac'd it on the bounds of love.”

CHAPTER VI.

'Tis only when with inbred horror smote,
At some base act, or done, or to be done,
That the recoiling soul, with conscious dread,
Shrinks back into itself.

MASON.

Domestic Feuds.

THE next step taken by our deceived and deluded chief, towards repairing the damage done by the *feint* played off against him in the discipline of his domestic concerns, was to impart to his lieutenant the danger of longer suffering the secret covert of the enemy; but, like a wary general, he disclosed only the mine then sapping to destroy his daughter,

ter, and, for the present, concealed the open attacks upon him by his wife—this second Xantippe.

Lieutenant Lloyd was a young man descended from a respectable family, and had been bred to arms—circumstances which, added to a moral character, left no hesitation in the mind of Ap Rhys to promote him to the vacant command *en seconde* in his castle. He possessed courage, and the blood of his country proudly flowed through his veins. He had also sense enough to discriminate between the good properties and failings of his chief. Prompt in executing his orders, yet never meanly submitting to eccentricities, he maintained respect, while he curbed the impetuousness of his commander. When told of the indignities offered to Llydila, the daughter

ter of his most-lamented lady, both of whom he had revered, his indignation rose to the pitch of invocation to his titular saint, that his injured chief would petition royalty for the lists, in order that he might therein appear the champion of the injured house of Ap Rhys. Rising from the knee bent to St. David, he turned to his commander, and continued—"If, my chief, you should find this unnecessary, to you I pledge the honour of the rank you have conferred upon me; should the insult of any recreant lord to my young lady reach my ears, he shall meet the point of my falchion, or smother in the ditch of your castle."

Ap Rhys, who had but seldom associated himself with his worthy lieutenant, was grateful, even unto the manly tear,

tear, for this proof of friendship, so far exceeding the routine of military duty; but he requested him only to keep a vigilant eye over the lord De Wellinger.

“ In all commands,” replied the lieutenant, “ consistent with my honour, will I obey; and though this, from my having declined to partake in the debaucheries which of late have, by that disgrace to rank and title, been carried on, is most unpleasant; yet shall I conquer my repugnance to him, that I may prove the means of your daughter’s further safety. He shall not intrude upon her, but through me or your newly-elected wife.”

“ Let the latter,” replied Ap Rhys, “ be *my* charge—*you* guard her profligate brother until the arrival of my friend, the lord Clifford.”

An

An hour after the next sun had passed his most glorious height, the precise time when George the Third of Britain sat down to his scrag of mutton and turnips, lieutenant Lloyd repaired to the dining-hall, upon the disagreeable duty he had pledged himself to perform touching the intrusive lord. The honours of the table were already done; the master, as of late he was wont, had retired to reflection—his lady to her cordial comfort—the oppressed Llydila to the indulgence of solitude—and the lord, according to his custom in the afternoon, remained over his bottle.

The next day's orgies were to be consummated in the outworks of the castle, the quarters of the military. The lieutenant would have preferred his test of friendship for his chief, to the sword and target,

target, rather than encounter a voluptuous, sottish lord over flaggons of wine in his own barrack.

Conscious of his own inferiority to *singly* charge the enemy, the lieutenant called in the aid of the priest, who, though so lately translated from a lay-brother, had imbibed much devotion *for the bottle*. Thus reinforced, by alternate “pledging and plying,” they contrived to *stagger* his lordship, while the priest could yet count his beads, and the officer repeat the word of command, to order him to be carried to his own chamber.

In this manner was lord De Wellington diverted from greater mischief during several days, while Ap Rhys was maturing his plan of ridding himself at least of that troublesome intruder. The priest

priest and the soldier relieved each other in the painful duties of stupifying the peer at their respective apartments, which, to attain the desired effect, were profusely supplied from the interior of the castle.

The priest, as all priests ever did and still continue the advantage over laymen, here too exerted his prerogative at the table. In his quality, as healer of bodily infirmity, he had already acquired the knowledge and use of soporifics, and when in turn he regaled the trio, a certain quantity of those drugs were secretly infused into the lord's goblet, and this saved not only a prodigious waste of costly liquor, but much time, by lulling him into a profound sleep.

Thus had a fortnight passed without any tidings of lord Clifford; but while
our

our chief secretly challenged his falling off, it will be hereafter found that he was labouring in behalf of his friend. In the mean time, the domestic discord of the castle of Llangavenny, as far as regarded the honourable Mrs. Ap Rhys and the suffering Llydila, were progressing, so as to threaten an unpleasant crisis. The disconsolate girl, one afternoon, when the triumvirate were sacrificing to the jolly god, and the small family party had retired, stole to her father's private apartment, to seek solace from his paternal admonitions.

As foreign wars destroy the body, so intestine broils waste the peace of mind. It happened, that at the moment of this tender interview between the father and daughter, the mother-in-law, evidently impelled by an extraordinary draught

of

of her favourite beverage, fancied some fresh cause of lecture to the latter. Hastening to Llydila's chamber, and finding her absent, without calling to aid a moment of reason, she ran to the *sanctum sanctorum* of her lord, which she had but once before entered, and then when initiated into her recently-acquired household. Arrived there, without the ceremony of demanding admission, a point ever insisted upon from all who wished an audience with the chief, she boldly entered, and thundered a tune on that discordant instrument—a shrew's tongue.

It is somewhat strange that we often make an attack without endeavouring to ascertain the strength of our enemy. In this case the honourable assailant had been apprised that her lord was of high

blood, and, when roused, impatient of his prerogative. The husband received the first shock of her intrusion in silent amazement; but when she proceeded to violence upon his daughter, his deep-toned bass voice soon drowned her shrill tenor. He dashed away her hand, which grasped the delicate arm of his daughter, ordered her to retire, and never again dare to break in upon his private concerns.

She vociferated for her brother; he replied that he was already in good hands, and that both should yet be taught their respective duties in his castle. Her exit, like her entrance, was marked with rage, and she vowed revenge.

The affrighted Llydila could scarce support herself; but her father told her to

to be of good heart, for her friend, his friend, the true friend of his family—his noble lieutenant, was, by him, invested with the command over the peer; and that the castle of Llangavenny should not be subject to female control while it contained its own rightful chief.

The honourable Mrs. Ap Rhys, mad with vexation, and stimulated by usquebaugh, roared for her maidens, and dispatched the most confidential with the tale of her woe to the lord, her brother.

When the female herald of war arrived, the party, now again at the lieutenant's quarters, were filling the goblet to St. David. An attendant Bowman entered, and announced that a female domestic of the castle required a private audience of his lordship.

To this the lieutenant replied, that *he* was now commander—that no secrets must pass in *his* department of the castle; and ordered that the fair messenger should forthwith appear before them.

Some time did it require to resist the repugnance of the female to appear before a party of men; but the bowman, faithful to his duty, would not be overruled, and half dragged her into the festive chamber. She, like the late priest, some time stood mute—a rare quality certainly in an ambassadress from an injured lady, answering not to the lord's interrogatory.

The watchful lieutenant, fearing a mine of artifice about to blow up, insisted on her disclosing her errand. Still she urged a private interview with his lordship; to which the soldier replied,

that

that coming within the pale of his duty, if she did not instantly disclose her errand, he should consider her a spy upon his command, and the dungeon should be her portion.

In these days, subterraneous prisons of great men were a terror to their inferiors. Though generally applied to satiate vengeance and rapacity, yet sometimes their dread extorted the truth. So did this threat operate upon the terrified messenger—"Spare me the dungeon," replied she, "and I will speak."

"Do so," sternly replied lieutenant Lloyd; "and, mark me, be it nothing but the truth."

Now in this case it happened, as sometimes in our days it will still happen, that the confidant had generally an ear and eye, unheard and unseen, over her

mistress's actions. She had tripped after Mrs. Ap Rhys to Llydila's room; then she followed to her master's private apartment, and heard all that had passed there. Of this she gave a faithful report, standing as it were between the brink of the dungeon and the ire of her mistress. Her story was pretty plain to both parties; the priest and the soldier waited the answer of the peer, who, though somewhat muddy in mind, told the woman to desire her mistress to keep her quarrels with her husband from him; and that, "fight dog, fight cat," he would not interfere between them.

Could any peer, in his sober senses, upon such a question, have given a more politic answer?

"I never knew," continued his lordship, "but one person who interfered
between

between man and wife either with safety or success. Upon a domestic *pro* and *con.* once between parties that were rising even to blows, a friend of mine who happened to be present held the husband by his right hand, crying—‘ Be quiet, you brute!’ and pushed the woman at the same time with his left, saying—‘ Hold your tongue, you vixen!’ Then repeating his moral admonitions and friendly buffets with a ‘ Peace, you monster!—Have done, you termagant!—Hands off, you coward!—Retire, you virago!—until a fit of shame and laughing seized them both at the same time, at such extraordinary and impartial an umpirism; they shook hands immediately, and became good friends the remainder of their lives.”

‘The opportune soporific, which the

priest now brought forward on every attack of the common enemy, being again in action, and a similar effect having been produced upon the lady by her “drops of consolation,” another evening passed, without farther danger to the well-dispersed part of the inhabitants of Llangavenny Castle.

CHAPTER VII.

The friendships of the world are oft
Confederates in vice, or leagues of pleasure.
Ours has severest virtue for its basis,
And such a friendship ends not but with life.

ADDISON.

Retaliation.

WHILE domestic discord thus embittered the days of Ap Rhys, his friend, the lord Clifford, was fulfilling the duties of his high rank at the court of his king, then held in the Tower of London, where he had repaired for the purpose of tendering the services of his eldest son and heir-at-law, the aspiring Edwin,

under the royal banner, then about to be unfurled on the plains of France.

The scroll of our Welsh chief had been sent after him by a special messenger, no public conveyance being then established, even to the metropolis. It fortunately touched upon the outlines of grievance, thereby allowing the truly noble friend to take a preliminary step, by which some advantage was derived. This done, his son admitted to royal favour, and a gracious leave taken of majesty, he proceeded, with the few of his men at arms who could be spared from public service, on the duty of private friendship, towards Llangavenny Castle:

With various and opposite emotions was his approach proclaimed before its ancient walls. Those who hailed him with sincerity were soon prepared; the

guard instantly were at their posts, while soon appeared a troop of horse, led on by lieutenant Lloyd, mounted on his chief's milk-white charger, advanced to meet the noble chieftain, then within a league of the end of his journey.

The honourable lady of the castle was in amaze; she could not comprehend the cause of the echoed blast of the different trumpets of the heralds, the clash of arms, the trampling of horses' hoofs. Fear, the concomitant of guilt, predominated over her various alarmed passions; she thought the tumult portended little short of an attempt to remove her from her concerns. She fled to her brother, and found him just thrown upon his bed, with barely discretion left to veil himself in sleep, until he could comprehend

hend the meaning of the bustle which had disturbed him at his afternoon's indulgence. Then she fled in search of Llydila; but the trembling maid, on the first alarm, had hastened to the protecting arm of her father, where the mother-in-law found it no longer advisable to follow her.

Finding no information could be obtained from her wondering women, she hastened to the battlements, from whence the sun, majestically descending into the west, his rays darting upon the polished armour of the lieutenant, she was dazzled with the sight of him whom she hated with the most malignant rancour; and to add to the mortification and dread, mounted on her husband's favourite steed. Her heart sunk within her, and every slackened fibre dropped

its hold, like nature letting down the springs of life. She found that the state canopy was not ordered to be hung, or the audience-chamber prepared—ceremonies always observed on the formal visit of a peer of the realm, who, from the sound of the trumpets, she knew was approaching. She would have gladly assumed her court-dress, but then no summons had officially reached her; while, still more mortifying, the only man of equal rank to the approaching visitor within the castle walls, her heedless brother, lay in a state of intoxication—"Cruel, cruel fate!" exclaimed the honourable Mrs. Ap Rhys, as she returned to her own chamber.

The shrill trumpet now, from the vale next to the castle, gave note of the approach of the cavalcade. As they drew

drew near, a large party of bowmen, the tenantry and vassals of the Welsh chief, voluntarily mustered to do honour to the noble visitor. In martial order they received him, and let fly a shower of blunted arrows into the air, the military salute of the day, to a commander. It was answered by the undoffed helmets of lord Clifford and lieutenant Lloyd, who gracefully rode side by side. The combined troops of horsemen followed, with their swords pointed to the ground, and their bucklers loose upon the left arm.

Passing thus the drawbridge, and entering the castle gates, a guard of foot soldiers received them with presented arms; then did the cheers of welcome sound, and which were echoed by the tenantry and vassals without the gates.

By

By a preconcerted plan, lord Clifford was conducted by the lieutenant to the private apartment of his commander, who received his long-absent friend with open arms, while Llydila bent her knee. The noble visitor perceiving the supplianting attitude of beauty, soon as he could disengage himself from the grasp of friendship, raised her, and imprinted on her blushing cheek the kiss of paternal affection, long having desired to act towards her the part of a second father.

Ap Rhys seized this opportunity of hastening to his lieutenant, lest his loyal party without the gates should disperse, to invite them to a carousal the next day. He then ordered plenty of good old Welsh cheer for the occasion, and sent his herald with a summons to his wife and her brother to attend, an hour before

before the coming noon, the public reception of the lord Clifford.

An unceremonious repast, the true reception of an unexpected friend, was spread; and when Llydila had retired, the cause of the attendance of lord de Clifford was fully explained.

The more immediate care of Ap Rhys was the removal of his daughter from the rigid control and harsh treatment of her adopted mother. From the moment of the discovery of the flight of the plotting priest, his already-wavering faith in the professors of the catholic religion was turned into contempt. He withdrew his wonted contributions to monasteries, and ordered all begging friars to be turned from his gates. Previous to his application to lord Clifford, he had contemplated to send his daughter, for

for a year, to a convent, of whose lady abbess he had heard good report; but the idea of such an apostate as his runaway priest intruding upon maidens to confess their guiltless lives, dashed from his mind such misplaced confidence. The professors of religion, he mentally observed, had done more mischief than the sword of tyrants, whetting their very weapons to murder mankind, by charging the enemy with unsupported offences against the Omnipotent.

When the time arrived which had been appointed for the reception of lord Clifford, according to the rites of chivalry, some few neighbouring gentlemen of private estate had arrived, in acceptance of the invitation of the preceding evening; the visitors, with the

vacant

vacant space filled up with the military, made a Gothic show.

The ceremony of introduction and congratulations over, the noble visitor told the purport of that part of his mission which regarded public business, to this effect: that being at the court of the king, on affairs touching an approaching war, he had urged his leave of departure, the business being arranged; and, for cause, he had pleaded his long neglect of paying a visit of congratulation on the marriage of his friend of Llangavenny. The king asked what fair one the chief had united to his ancient house? and on being answered, the honourable Dorothea, sister of the baron De Wellinger, he quickly replied, that that nobleman was in long

arrear

arrear on the score of fealty, and no better time suited than by his attendance on the war. His majesty then gave some private directions to one of the lords in waiting, who in a short time brought this royal signet, with injunctions to forthwith deliver it into the hands of the baron De Wellingher.

Then he presented a scroll, in the name of the king, to which was pendant the impression of the great seal of state. This was a mandate which astonished him to whom it was directed, commanding him forthwith, and setting aside every excuse, to repair to the court of the king at the Tower of London, and for default, the pain of royal displeasure.

This intelligence was a surprise to all parties, for the bruit of a fresh war had not then reached this distant part of the kingdom;

kingdom; and that it might produce greater effect by a public declaration, the noble bearer declined naming it on the private interview of the preceding evening. To the party most concerned it was like an electric stroke. The lord to whom the summons was directed received it with the start of amazement—his sister with the big tear starting from her sinking eye. Our Welsh chief was most agreeably surprised at that part of his noble friend's communication which would rid him of a most troublesome guest; Llydila looked to heaven, and heaved the sigh of gratitude; the lieutenant manifested his satisfaction in his manner of complimenting his lordship on his fair prospects at court; while the castle priest, holding up the crucifix, piously exclaimed—"May God's will,
through

through his vicegerent on earth, the anointed Edward, king of England, in this, and in all commands, be done, now and evermore!" and for the first time to such a prayer, Ap Rhys rose, and cried — "Amen."

The mandate of a monarch was formerly, like the pope's bull, so promptly obeyed, that a peer, so tardy as the baron De Wellingher, thought fit to set forward on a very few days' preparation; thus was the castle freed from its most unwelcome visitor.

Lord De Clifford next proposed to take the suffering Llydila to his own castle, observing, that though a widower, he had a daughter about her age, and who would be proud to receive so amiable a guest.

Though this father's dotage hung
upon

upon his daughter, yet seeing the necessity of parting her from a mother-*in-law*, he consented; and that morning witnessed the tender separation of friend from friend—of a father from his child.

CHAPTER VIII.

“ Now we must show a masterpiece indeed,
To meet the man whom we would make an end of,
Ev’n at that time when mortal wars within,
When our blood boils and flashes to be at him ;
Yet then to show the signs of heartiest love,
To cringe, to fawn, to smile, and to deceive.”

French Treachery of old—Analogy between the Battles of Cressy and Leipzig.

THE hostility of France towards England during many centuries, the repeated acts of treachery of that faithless nation, constantly occur in the history of our country. This hatred and jealousy, though

though so often subdued, still exists. The last of the Capets was as deadly an enemy to our island as Philip de Valois, whose treachery brought upon his head the wrath of our glorious Edward the Third.

Of the wars of these rival kings, wherein the hero of our tale bore a part, we shall necessarily have occasion to speak; and notwithstanding those glorious feats of arms have been generally well described and ably commented upon, yet there may remain some particular achievement of an individual, which, through the turbulence of the times, or from lack of learning, might have escaped the historian. The battle of Leipsig, in some cases, bears so strong an analogy to that of Cressy, that at this distant period some particulars of the latter cannot

not fail of producing a new interest in the breast of every reader. The king of Saxony may bear a comparison with the king of Bohemia, though the blind warrior was a hero, while the recent allies of the tyrant Bonaparte may be placed in a similar situation to the vassal princes to Philip. In many respects the victory of Waterloo resembles that of Poictiers.

Edward, as the son of Isabella, sister of Charles, the late king, laid claim to the crown of France, and commenced war against Philip de Valois, who then filled the throne lately possessed by that king; and having gained many advantages, a truce was concluded in the year 1340, at the intercession of Joanna de Valois, who was mother-in-law to Edward, and sister to Philip; another truce was afterwards concluded, through the

mediation of the pope, and a negociation was begun for peace, but with little prospect of success.

Convinced that the French would, when prepared, make a pretext for war, Edward dispatched into Germany and the Low Countries agents, with full power to treat with all persons inclined to supply him with men and money. He also, in order to attract to his kingdom foreign noblemen, with whom he might in person negociate, ordered tournaments to be given in the most splendid style of ancient chivalry. It was also upon this occasion that at Windsor he revived king Arthur's celebrated institution of the round table, at which he feasted all the great men, foreigners as well as his own subjects, who attended his court.

This

This splendour of Edward produced the desired effect. Foreigners of rank, of all nations, hastened to the English court, and which greatly alarmed Philip, who also proclaimed the like tournaments and feastings, but with the horrid design of seizing some noblemen of Normandy, of whom he was jealous, lest they should espouse the cause of his rival. His plot, also, too well, for the moment, succeeded. They accepted his invitation, were seized, and, without any avowed pretext, put to death.

The magnanimous king of England, resenting this barbarous violation of good faith, sent the earl of Derby into Guienne to commence a war. This nobleman was besieged at Aguillon by the duke of Normandy, with a force of

sixty thousand men; upon which the king put himself at the head of his army, determined to relieve him and his garrison. To this end he marched as far as Southampton, taking with him his son Edward, who, from wearing sable armour, was denominated “The Black Prince,” and whom Edwin Clifford served in quality of aide-de-camp.

Before the king embarked, he addressed his troops, exhorting them to conduct themselves worthy of his esteem, and to the honour of their country, promising them rewards for their valour. He also informed them, that as soon as he arrived at Guienne, he should send back his ships, and thereby cut off all hopes of ever again seeing their native land unless they returned victorious.

The

The soldiers heard this speech with profound attention, and answered it with enthusiastic shouts of applause.

The king, at the instance of Godfrey de Harcourt, altered his course, and, instead of Guienne, marched upon Normandy. He landed at La Hogue, where his appearance was quite unexpected. His next step was to confer the honour of knighthood upon his son, the Black Prince, and some of his junior nobility, among whom was our hero, Edwin de Clifford; and divided his army into three divisions, which consisted of two thousand five hundred horse, and sixty thousand infantry.

Ralph earl of Eu, constable of France, assembled the regular troops and militia, and made a feeble attempt to oppose the

English army, but were quickly defeated; and the king took the towns of Vallogne, St. Loo, and Harfleur; then continued his march through the bishoprics of Lisieux and Evreux.

Soon as Philip was apprised of this invasion of his kingdom by the English, he sent messengers to his allies, calling upon them for assistance to repel his foe. Among these were the king of Bohemia, who, though blind, was led at the head of his troops to join the army of Philip, the king of Majorca, the king of Lorraine, the count of Flanders, and some other petty sovereigns. He appointed a general rendezvous at Paris of all the military power of France, except such as were employed at the siege of Aiguillon. In the interim he
marched

marched a body of forces to Rouen, to prevent the English from crossing that deep and rapid river.

Meantime Edward reduced Caen, a large city, seventy-five miles west of Rouen, and received the voluntary submission of Bayeux, and several other towns, which were filled with consternation at the rapid progress of his arms. He then gave orders for a march against his antagonist; and notwithstanding the solicitations of two cardinal legates, who met him at Lisieux with proposals for an accommodation, he proceeded to the banks of the Seine. There he observed the French king, at the head of a far more numerous army than his own, and so advantageously posted as to render the passage impracticable.

This river ran between his situation

and his own kingdom, and it therefore became a matter of necessity to fight a pitched battle at high odds; but no obstacle could daunt the English monarch. In order to excite Philip to leave his situation, which was impervious to attack, Edward ravaged the country, and thus continued his progress until he arrived at Poissy, where he ordered the bridge which had been taken down to be repaired, and passed the river in the face of the French militia, who were defeated by the earl of Northampton. He then took Pontoise, while Philip, instead of giving him battle, returned to Paris for fresh supplies.

King Edward next advanced against Beauvais and Poix, having routed a division of the king of Bohemia; but arriving at Ayraines, his situation, for

want

want of provisions, became extremely critical. He was now enclosed between the river Somme, which runs through Picardy, passing by the cities of Amiens and Abbeville, into the English Channel and the sea; while a French army of one hundred thousand men were within two or three days' march of his outposts.

From this perilous situation he relieved himself, from information received from a French prisoner, who, through alternate threats and offers of reward, conducted him to the fort of Blanche-tagne, which was garrisoned by ten thousand regular troops, besides the militia of the country. Here he forced his passage across the river, the enemy flying in great confusion to Abbeville, where Philip also arrived the same even-

ing from Paris. Edward now pushed on for Calais, which he determined to subdue. On his march thither, at the village of Cressy, in Lower Picardy, situated on the river Authie, and twenty-nine miles north-west of Abbeville, the enemy gave him battle.

The English army encamped on an eminence, with a wood in its rear; the baggage-waggons were placed on the flanks, to secure them from the attacks of the enemy.

Philip had marched from Abbeville to Cressy, fully prepared and determined to give battle. On his approach Edward drew up his little force (for he had but thirty thousand men to contend against upwards of a hundred thousand) in battle-array. The first line was commanded by the young prince of Wales, assisted

assisted by the earls of Warwick and Oxford, and Godfrey de Harcourt; the lords Stafford, Holland, Chandos, Clifford, with the flower of the nobility; eight hundred men at arms, four thousand archers, and six thousand Welsh infantry.

The second division was commanded by the earls of Arundel and Northampton, lords Willoughby, Roos, Basset of Lipcote, Multon, sir Lewis Tufton, and a number of gentlemen; eight thousand men at arms, four thousand halberdiers, and two thousand archers.

King Edward himself commanded the third division, posted on the brow of an eminence, behind the other two, composed of seven hundred soldiers, three thousand five hundred billmen, and six thousand archers. His majesty was at-

tended by the lords Mowbray, Mortimer, Dagworth, and De Wellinger, sir Hugh Hastings, and others of rank.

The king and his son, previous to the battle, took the sacrament with great devotion, and this pious example was followed by his commanders and troops. The king then rode from rank to rank, encouraging his soldiers to do their duty; their country loudly calling for vengeance upon their treacherous foe. He knighted sir John Beaumont, whom he appointed to carry his royal standard, and fifty other young gentlemen. He then ordered his cavalry to dismount, that the horses might not be fatigued before the battle, and his soldiers be refreshed. They then laid down in ranks upon the grass, waiting the nearer approach of the French.

Philip

Philip had also divided his army into three bodies, each of which was larger than the whole of the English when combined; the first commanded by prince John of Luxemburg and the blind king of Bohemia; the second by Charles count of Alençon; and the third by Philip himself.

This memorable battle was begun at three o'clock in the afternoon of the third of August 1346, by king Philip ordering his Genoese to charge; but they had been so fatigued with their march, that they were tardy in obeying the word of command. The count of Alençon rode up to them, severely reproved them, called them cowards, and repeated his king's orders for them to begin the battle without further delay.

It was with reluctance they advanced,
and

and at the time a heavy shower of rain came on. The Genoese were cross-bow men—their bowstrings were soon rendered useless. This rain was, however, more favourable to the English archers. A sudden gleam of sunshine assisted their operations, while it flashed in the faces of their opponents. The arrows from Edward's advance made great havoc among the Genoese, and they fled in the utmost confusion, and with the greatest precipitation.

The count of Alençon making a sudden manœuvre, in order to avoid the bowmen, fell upon that body of the English commanded by the prince of Wales, who was then only fifteen years of age. The prince repelled the attack with wonderful judgment and courage, young Edwin Clifford fighting by his side, and

the

the greater part of Alençon's men were killed.

The archers, who had so effectually defeated the Genoese, were now compelled to defend themselves from a furious assault, commenced by three squadrons of French and Germans. In this emergency the earl of Warwick dispatched a messenger to his king, requesting him to advance to his assistance.

Edward was in a windmill, surveying the battle, and seeing the earl's messenger, inquired whether his son was killed, wounded, or taken prisoner? Being answered in the negative—"Go back," said the king, "and tell the earl of Warwick I shall not intermeddle in the affray, but let my boy win his spurs."

Before this answer was brought, the assailing bodies were giving way, a reinforcement

inforcement having arrived under the command of the earls of Arundel and Northampton, which dealt out destruction to the French. The young prince, in his turn, now made a grand charge upon the main body of the enemy, commanded by Philip in person, and bore down all opposition.

The blind king of Bohemia, whose ambition had ever been to embroil the courts of Europe, inquired about the fate of the day, and was told that the French were in terrible disorder, and the English sure of a victory. The blind monarch, at this intelligence rendered desperate, ordered himself to be led into the hottest part of the battle. Accordingly four of his attendants placed him in the midst of them, and joining the bridles of their horses, they all rushed together

together into the thickest of the English ranks. The blind king, by some strange coincidence, actually got engaged with prince Edward; but the combat was soon after terminated, and the king of Bohemia, with his attendants, all perished.

The late modern tyrant of France never displayed the desperate valour of this old blind king. Philip narrowly escaped, having had two horses killed under him, and was severely wounded in the neck and thigh, whilst the English prince, who, during the whole battle, was exposed in the front of danger, received not a single blow.

King Edward, embracing his son, returned thanks to the God of battles for his signal victory. Historians assert, that

that of the French a greater number were killed than those composing the English army, with the flower of the nobility, while king Edward's loss did not exceed three knights and a few score soldiers.

Philip, attended by five of his knights, and about sixty followers, escaped to the castle of La Broye, a league from Cressy, where, having had his wounds dressed, and taking a little refreshment, he fled to Amiens. King Edward, early the next morning, detached a party of archers to pursue the fugitives, and in their march they met with the militia of Rouen and Beauvais, on their route to join Philip's army. They were soon defeated, and the archbishop of Rouen and the great prior of France coming up with

with reinforcements, were put to the sword, with two thousand of their followers.

This victory, taking every circumstance into view, was sooner obtained, and more glorious and decisive, than any fought of late years against the common enemy of Europe. The battle of Leipzig, which has been called “the conflict of the Titans against Olympus,” bears some resemblance to that of Cressy. It lasted, with nearly equal opposed numbers, above an hundred hours, “wherein were engaged three emperors, a king, and the heir-apparent to a throne, with almost half a million of warriors, out of every region of Europe and Asia, from the mouth of the Tajo to the Caucasus, with near two thousand pieces of cannon arrayed against each other;” yet we do

do not read of greater slaughter among the French than at the battle of Cressy. The bow seems to have been a more deadly weapon than the musket; and as many appear to have fallen in battle before the use of gunpowder as in modern national contests; but as we may have occasion to follow our hero to Poictiers, this matter will then become the subject of further inquiry.

CHAPTER IX.

Heroism of a Queen.

THE English monarch lost no longer time in leading his victorious army to the siege of Calais, then a city of great strength, and considered the key to France. The governor was summoned to surrender, and menaced, in case of refusal, to put all the inhabitants to the sword. This not being complied with, Edward drew four lines of circumvallation around the town, regularly fortified, and blocked up the harbour with seven hundred ships, so that no supplies could enter it.

The

The governor, in order to reduce the population of the town, and that his provisions might the longer hold out, expelled seventeen hundred of the inhabitants, who were most graciously received, and hospitably entertained by Edward.

Here, observes a late historical commentator, was an act of supereminent goodness—a trait of generosity worthy of a conqueror. It is melancholy to reflect, with the illustrious Edmund Burke, “that the age of chivalry is no more.” To draw the attention of Edward from this important place, Philip had recourse to a mean stratagem, which finally terminated in adding new glory to Edward’s crown.

David king of Scotland was secretly prevailed upon by the French government

ment to make an incursion into the northern part of England, Philip supposing the invasion would draw Edward's attention from the siege of Caen. But he who sat in a windmill, the cool spectator of the heroism of his son at the battle of Cressy, was to be drawn aside by no artifice. He had left the reins of his government in the hands of his queen Philippa, a woman of such extraordinary talent, that language is scarcely adequate to render justice to her memory. She was equally calculated for the field of battle, the cabinet, and the drawing-room. To exquisite beauty of person she joined all those qualifications requisite for a queen; she, however, assumed not those masculine habits which are incompatible with the female sex, but which are advocated in

in a modern system of education, written by a female philosopher (Mary Wollstonecraft), in what she calls “The Rights of Women.” War is not calculated for the weaker sex; yet their country in danger, how many female warriors has our history to boast! Queen Boadicea, Margaret of Anjou, and queen Philippa, led in person their armies to repel invasion, or in support of their thrones.

David of Scotland, taking the advantage of his dread rival’s being engaged in the reduction of Calais, sought pretence to favour the views of the king of France, and, if fortunate, his own, upon the English crown. With these views he advanced as far as the city of Durham; at the head of thirty thousand hardy Scots, when he was met by Philippa,

lippa, who gave him battle, routed his army, and made the treacherous David her prisoner. She dictated a peace with Scotland, and then went over to the camp before Calais, to communicate the particulars of her victory and her treaty to her royal husband.

The siege of Calais was procrastinated by the gallant defence of the besieged for near twelve months. The terms of capitulation granted by Edward but ill accorded with his wonted generosity. He compelled the governor, who could no longer make defence, to send to him six of the principal citizens, with halters round their necks, that he might hang them as victims for the salvation of the rest. Their lives were, however, spared through the intercession of the amiable Philippa, who also clothed them, entertained them

with hospitality, and dismissed each with a present of six pieces of gold.

Edward having obtained possession of the city, drove out the French inhabitants, and peopled it with English. Soon afterwards two cardinals, the ready agents of the busy, meddling pope, arrived to negotiate a truce between the two kings, and which was concluded for twelve months. Upon this king Edward, having left a strong garrison, returned in triumph to London.

Among the most favoured of the young noblemen who received permission to return in the royal cavalcade was Edwin Clifford, who, soon as dismissed from court attendance, hastened to the peaceful seat of his ancestors. His noble father, on again beholding him, “ thanked the gods his boy had done his duty;” but

but when his sister, in tears of joy, presented to him her lovely friend, who can describe his emotions on meeting the interesting Llydila ap Rhys—the first object of his heart—his betrothed bride?

The unrestrained rapture on one side, the undisguised joy on the other, struck conviction to the fond parent, that he could no longer delay a union of hands to hearts so loving to each other, and which had been, in fact, so long in contemplation. Llydila had just numbered the years restricted by her father for her acceptance of a husband, and Edwin had attained manhood. Lord Clifford therefore determined to summon his friend, our Welsh chief, to return his visit, and give away his daughter to the heir of his own domains. But who

can read the book of fate? it was decreed by the powers above, that the good old lord should not live to witness this, his most desired consummation in this uncertain nether world.

CHAPTER X.

Kingly Plots and Counterplots—Enore French Treachery.

LOVE in vain urges preference to the more imperious calls of war. Edwin was not long permitted the happiness hoped for in the union of hearts devoted to each other. He received a sudden and entirely-unexpected mandate to repair upon the instant to the court at the Tower of London. Arrived there, he found his king in council upon the advice of fresh treachery on the

part of the French king, to counteract which fresh levies of troops had been ordered.

No sooner had king Edward left France, than Philip resolved, if not by force of arms, yet by stratagem, to regain Calais. The new governor was Aymeri de Pavia, a native of Lombardy, who agreed, for twenty thousand crowns, to secretly admit a French detachment into the castle, and in the dead hour of night to open the gates to the French army, who were to have been posted for that service.

But notwithstanding the secrecy with which this base negociation was carried on, the king of England was apprised of it; and the first step to counteract Philip's machinations was to charge the go-
vernor

vernor with treason, and offer him a free pardon, provided he would, instead of delivering the town to the French, betray his employers.

The traitor, finding he was himself already betrayed, resolved to save himself, and therefore informed his injured royal master of the precise time when he had agreed to deliver up the town, and sacrifice the English garrison.

Edward, upon this, attended by his son, and guarded by his lightest troops, hastened to Calais, and arrived there in time to give a due reception to the French, whom he silently made prisoners; and in place of their being conducted into the castle, were thrown into a dungeon.

Next morning the king sallied out at one of the gates, and the prince of Wales at the other, and fell upon the French, who were waiting for admission, under the command of De Charney and De Ribeumont. The king fought on foot under the banner of lord Walter de Manny; and happening to engage in single combat with Ribeumont, the latter struck the king twice down on his knees. Edwin Clifford, who until this day had been attached to the prince's division, by one of those sudden movements which take place in battle, found himself at this moment so near to his king as to assist in rescuing him from the momentary overwhelming force which supported the French commander, who became pri-

surer to the gallant young English warrior.

Meantime the prince attacked Charny with such vigour, that he was soon routed, and also taken, with numbers of his followers. In this skirmish, of the French six hundred were slain; and the remainder, with their commanders, in place of entering as conquerors, were led into Calais prisoners of war.

Edward here again showed that greatness of mind which he seemed to have lost at the surrender of the town. He treated his prisoners with much humanity, and invited the officers to an elegant supper. He paid a marked respect to Ribeumont, complimenting him on his bravery; and as a testimony of favour, made him a present of a

string of pearls, which he himself wore, desiring him to wear them as a token—“Especially,” added the gallant monarch, “as the ladies, of whom you are a great admirer, will not value you the less for it.”

The king now appointed John de Beauchamp governor. Aymeri de Pavia met the reward due to all traitors—falling into the hands of the French, he was by them put to death, being dragged limb from limb by four horses. Calais remained in the possession of the English, as Gibraltar is still severed from Spain, upwards of two hundred years, until the unhappy reign of our first queen of England—Mary the cruel. That bigoted and besotted princess suffered it to be severed from her crown by the French arms, under the duke of Guise, while she

she was barbarously inventing new modes to kill and torture her protestant subjects at home.



CHAPTER XI.

*Public Spectacles in London in the
Reign of Edward the Third.*

Jousts and tournaments in these times were trials of skill among the young nobles of the realm, and the most favourite fashionable resort of the ladies. When a royal joust was appointed, great preparations were made to prepare the lists (the place of combat), and to erect scaffolding for the spectators. They were generally fixed in Smithfield, then a large open space of ground, and called the Smooth-field, and the extremity of the city

city of London on the north. Each knight who entered the lists previously sent to the master of the ceremonies his name and rank.

On the appointed day the trumpets sounded, and the citizens, as at a lord mayor's show, repaired to Smooth-field, where a large space was set apart for the populace. As the king with his retinue left the Tower, where our courts were then held, the trumpets again sounded, and a third time on his taking his seat as umpire to the sports. Then each knight, mounted upon his charger, accoutred in armour, with his device upon his helmet, and attended on foot by his esquire, bearing his sword and buckler, moved round the circle, like Astley's equestrian troop in his Amphitheatre, but armed at all points.

They

They generally tilted in honour of their favourite mistresses, each proclaiming *his* fair one fairer than the rest. The first on the list threw his gauntlet upon the ground, and the second picked it up —the signal of attack between those two knights. Their weapons were lances, not quite so deadly as the Polish lancers', but sufficient to unhorse the struck opponent, and were sometimes shivered in the assailant's hands. In such cases they would rise, draw their falchions, and attack each other with such wrathful fury, that the king was under the necessity of parting the combatants. Even death, by an unlucky blow, hath broken up the sports, and from gaiety thrown the spectators into the mood of mourning.

In most parts of Europe the nobles
and

and knights had their lists of jousts and tournaments. M. De St. Palaye, a French writer, describing them in his native country, says—“The hero (the victor) was conducted into the palace, and disarmed by the ladies, who clothed him anew in rich habits. When he had taken some repose, they led him into the hall, where the prince was waiting to receive him, and caused him to sit down in the most honourable place at the feast, exposed to the observation and admiration of the guests and the spectators, and often served by the ladies. Encircled with so much glory, he would have required the warning given to the ancient victors—‘Remember thou art mortal,’ if the precepts of chivalry had not taught him that simplicity and modesty alone gave a lustre to victory ; and if

if he had not been directed, from a child, to be the last who should speak high things, and the first who should do them; to be mild among the aged, and stout among the brave; and that he could never praise himself too little, or others too much.

Lancelot de Lac describes, in his romance, a young hero, seated at table between the king and queen, so embarrassed and timid, as not to be able to look up, though he had just before won the prize, and had been covered with glory in a tournament. The same principles of modesty inspired the knights who were victors with the kindest attention to console the vanquished, and soften their concern—"To-day," say they to those who held out their hands to them, in gratulation of their victory, "fortune and

and fate of arms, not my superior valour, give me the advantage; to-morrow, perhaps, I may sink under the strokes of an enemy far less powerful than yourself."

In this age of chivalry, the assistance due to a brother in arms was preferred to that the ladies had a right to exact. A young lady having in vain claimed the protection of a knight, the latter excused himself from it, alleging the necessity which he was at that time under of flying to the assistance of his brother. But such a justification would not have been received, if he had failed in attendance on his sovereign. The duty he owed to the prince was preferred to all other duties: brothers in arms, of different nations, were only united together as long as their sovereigns were united

united ; and if their princes declared war against each other, it forced their respective subjects to the dissolution of those societies. But excepting this single case, nothing was more indissoluble than those bonds of fraternity ; they even wore the same habits and armour—they wished the enemy to mistake them for each other, and to run an equal risk in those dangers with which each might be threatened.

But though jousts and tournaments originated on the Continent of Europe, the English quickly caught the martial flame, and, as in the arts, improved the manly sports, and, mere hardy and robust, soon gained a pre-eminence.

In the year 1390 sir David Lindsay, of Glenesk, afterwards earl of Crawford, passing with a gallant train to a tournay,

tournay, appointed at London by Richard the Second, overcame lord Wells, a valiant knight, both in horse and foot combat; and the circumstances are detailed with minute pride by the Scottish chroniclers. On the day after the contest, a specimen arose of the rude wit of the time. Sir Piers Courtney, an English knight, having had some ironical words with sir William Dalyel, a knight of Scotland, touching their respective countries, the former appeared wearing on his sleeve an embroidered falcon, with this motto:—

“ I bear a falcon, fairest of flight ;
Whoso pinches at her, his death is dilcht
In graith.”

Dalyel assumed a similar dress, with a badge of a magpie, and this device:—

“ I bear

" I bear a py pykkand at ane pes,
 Quhasi pykkis at her, I sal pyk at his nose,
 In faith."

The challenge was understood and accepted; but the affair terminated in a ludicrous demand of Dalyel, that, as by the laws of tournament, the champions ought to be perfectly equal, and he had lost an eye at the battle of Otterburn, Courtney should, of course, have one of his extinguished before the combat.

In the year 1394 the Scottish earl of Moray was slain in a tournay with the earl marshal of England; and in 1407 the earl of Mar was defeated in a similar contest.—*Bowar, 512.*

The duke of Lancaster, in one of these combats, had two of his knights slain, and was himself wounded by an arrow in the face, which honourable scar he carried

carried with him to the grave. He was the champion of the English cause in France, and learned the art of war under the invincible colours of his cousin, Edward the Black Prince; for his superior virtues he was styled the *good duke*; and his glorious career was shortened by the plague of London in 1361, five years before the birth of Henry the Fourth, son of his daughter Blanch and John of Gaunt.

Edward the Third, to whom his loving subjects, of one accord, with grateful hearts, gave a jubilee, in token of half a century's glory under his reign, more particularly patronized the lists than any other English monarch. He had often witnessed the superior prowess of his own knights over those who crossed the

the sea to break their lances with the English; but upon one occasion, remarkable in the history of chivalry, he saw his countrymen lose the prize of victory.

“In this reign,” says the historian, “there was a solemn duel of thirty knights, headed by Bembrough, an Englishman, and Beaumanoir, a Breton, of the party of Charles of Blois. The knights of the two nations came into the field; and before the combat began, Beaumanoir called out, that it would be seen that day ‘*who had the fairest mistresses?*’ After a bloody combat, the Bretons prevailed, and gained for their prize the full liberty ‘*to boast of their mistresses’ beauty.*’

. . . . It

It is remarkable, that such famous generals as sir Robert Knolles and sir Hugh Calverly drew their swords in this ridiculous contest. The women not only instigated those rough, and often bloody frays of tournament, but also frequented them during all the long reign of Edward, whose spirit of gallantry encouraged this practice.

His successor, Richard the Second, was also the patron of the joust and the tournament. In the very first year of his reign there was a most splendid cavalcade from the court to Smithfield, to a grand spectacle of this description. All the nobles and knights bannerets, with respective esquires and attendants, joined the procession. Dame Alice Perrers, or Pierce, *the late king's concubine,*

cubine, as lady of the sun, rode, accompanied by many lords and ladies, each lady leading a lord by his horse's bridle, till they came to West Smithfield, and then began a great joust, which lasted seven days.

In the same reign the joust and tournament were also used to wipe away affronts and insults, as our modern men of honour settle such affairs by a bullet from a pistol.

But of all the accounts of the rencontres in the history of chivalry, that between *Roch*, who was better known by the appellation of the Bastard of Burgundy, and the English lord Scales, brother to the queen of Edward the Fourth, is one of the most remarkable.

Roch

Roch being greatly celebrated for his acts of chivalry, challenged the lord Scales to joust with him; which Scales readily accepting, the king commanded the lists in Smithfield (whereon to perform the combat), of the length of three hundred and seventy feet, and the breadth of two hundred and sixty, with magnificent galleries for the reception of the illustrious spectators, where assembled the king, the nobility, and principal gentry of both sexes.

The first day they jested with spears, without a visible advantage on either side. The second day they tournayed on horseback, when the lord Scales, having a long spike on his chaffron (pommel of his saddle), this, as they closed, ran into the nostrils of the Bastard's

horse; by the anguish whereof, he reared himself with such violence that he tumbled backwards, whereby his rider was unfortunately unhorsed, which occasioned him to cry out, that he could not hold by the clouds; and that though his horse had failed him, he would not fail to meet his adversary the next day; which being accordingly performed, they fought on foot with pole-axes, when Scales soon penetrating the Bastard's helmet, the king threw down his war-dar, whereupon they were immediately parted by the marshal.

But the Bastard insisting upon fighting out that weapon, a council was held to deliberate thereon; the result whereof was, that if he persisted in renewing the combat, he must, according to the law
of

of arms, be delivered to his adversary in the same condition he was at his horse's misfortune; but rather than submit to those terms, he waved his pretension.

Though chivalry, says another writer on the subject, was so generally beneficial, it had still many defects, either in its own constitution or the manner of the times. The romantic bravery which urged its professors to desperate attempts—the sense of honour which prevented assistance, even in the moment of destruction, lest it might tear the laurel from the brow of the adventurous knight, were from the former source. From the latter were derived inveterate hatreds, sometimes personal and sometimes national; a sanguinary

disposition, scarcely inferior to that of their cotemporary barbarians, which delighted in wounds and death. It is not a new observation, that modern heraldry arose from the distinguishing badges on the surcoats of the knights, or on their shields.

The cross carried against the infidels was a lance, a sword, or any other piece of arms, taken at a tournament or in a combat; a tower, a castle, and even the battlements and palisadoes of ramparts forced and defended; with an infinity of other figures on the shields, regularly marked, when the same exploits were renewed by the same knight; from whence it arises that some figures were marked without an end on the shield, as the heads of lances, called fleurs de lis,

lis, were originally on every shield of the kings of France*; and some have gone so far as to say, that the very wounds given and received were added to, and described on the shields of the knight; but what they thus put round them, seems rather designed to express the damage done to the shield in the different ways it was bruised or slashed. To the example of the royal shields, may be added those of the house of Montmorenci, so fruitful in great and noble characters; the sixteen eagles on the arms of that house, representing sixteen colours taken from the imperial troops on two memorable days of action. Ma-

II 3 thew,

* Hence, when the English conquered France, the fleur de lis was quartered in the arms of the king of England.

thew, the second De Montmorenci, having taken sixteen standards in the battle of Bovines, Philip Augustus, as a monument of this glorious victory, willed that this house should bear, ever after, sixteen eagles, instead of four, which belonged to their former achievement. The impossibility of placing more than three on the little or private seal occasioned afterwards the reduction to that number, when they came to lose sight of the ancient principles of chivalry.

If a knight was rich and powerful enough to furnish the state with a certain number of armed men, and to entertain them at his own expence, they granted him the permission of adding to the simple title of knight, or knight bachelor, the more noble and exalted title
of

of knight banneret; this gave them a distinction of carrying a square banner at the top of their lance, whereas that of a simple knight was extended in two coronets or points; and besides his own shield, the banneret had the use of many shields of other knights for his defence. The same ceremonies were used at his being made a banneret as at the institution of barons, viscounts, counts, marquisses, and dukes; and they claimed, of right, the same rank that was expressed on their coats of arms, helmets, crests, caps, tunses, labels, supporters, girdles, coronets, and shields. Most of these pieces, originally worn in the public ceremonies by those to whom they belonged, made a part of their head armour and habiliments; even their dwell-

ings, agreeable to the spirit of the age, had battlements and towers, serving both for the defence of the castle, and to mark the nobility of their owners.

CHAPTER XII.

————— It wounds indeed
To bear affronts too great to be forgiven,
And not have the power to punish.

DRYDEN.

Village Barbers of the Thirteenth and Nineteenth Centuries—Welsh Court- ship and Marriage.

THE day now dawned which had been long named by the king for feats of chivalry, horse-coursing, and other games then in fashion. A number of foreigners had accepted the royal invitations to

break a lance in the grand lists marked in Smoothfield for the tilt and the tournament. At early morn the royal party set off from the court, escorted by numerous guards, and followed by a long cavalcade of English, French, and German nobles and gentlemen, “through Cheap, passing Paul’s, and along the shelvy shore of the Thames (now the Strand), through Charing, to the hall of Rufus, where the morning’s repast was prepared.”

While the royal party may be supposed to regale in Westminster, we would draw the reader’s attention to the martial spirit evinced on this occasion by the village doctor of Charing.

Humphrey ap Shenkin, a worthy but ill-favoured Welshman, ambitious to better

better his fortune, quitted his native hills, and straightway bent his course to London—a matter of considerable difficulty in those times for a foot-traveller, without a compass, to accomplish—no roads, nor often even a track to guide his steps; yet it is certain Humphrey reached his destined goal, for at the time this royal cavalcade passed through the village of Charing, he was there snugly established in the practice of a barber-surgeon—a profession which he had studied at Llanimndifrey, the town of his birth.

He was much employed in the villages of Charing and Chelsea, and great dependence was placed by the inhabitants on his professional abilities; yet was he sometimes subject to the infa-

mous jeerings of the insensible vulgar. This arose, not from his own failings, but in a niggardness of nature, who had “ curtailed him of man’s fair proportion, placing an envious mountain on his back, that mocked deformity;” and through this mishap, ill-taught children and brutal adults would gird and giggle, and call him Humphrey Hump.

But this was not unhappily his only deformity of body. He had been greatly stunted in his growth, remaining at five feet, bating one inch and one sixteenth part of an inch, in height; but this scanty length of body had some convenience—in trimming a beard, or breathing a vein, he had no occasion to stoop to his sitting patient.

His

His head was enormous, and inclined towards the opposite shoulder which bore his throne, so that, at a little distance, he might almost have been taken for a two-headed biped monster. His knees were somewhat inverted; and overloaded in a progress towards manhood by a disproportionate head, hump, and body, grew so very familiar with each other, that with all his chirurgical skill he could not always prevent excoriations of those parts. He was pot-bellied to the size of a brewer's barrel ; and his arms alone enjoying perfect freedom, wantoned themselves to a most extraordinary length.

The doctor's pharmacopœia was distinguished by a long pole, smeared with red and white winding stripes—the symbol,

symbol, to the present day, of many a village barber. Here he practised the arts of breathing a vein, reducing a fracture, trimming the beard, paring nails and cutting corns, drawing teeth, and prescribing potions; thus combining the present duties of physician, chirurgeon, apothecary, druggist, dentist, chiropedist, and barber. A razor was not to be found in his case of instruments.

Theologians hold that Omnipotence never wrought in vain. Why then should vain man deprive himself of a single lock planted on the human frame, since the Supreme Being took more pains in forming him than any other part of his creation? Are we not taught to believe that he made us after his

own

own likeness? if so, why deprive ourselves of our beards in this life, and appear thus curtailed of a part of his blessings on our entrance into the world to come?

The men of the times whereof we speak had not this sin to answer for. It is upon our parliamentary records, that formerly the representatives of the people, in debate, designated each other by the colour of their beards; and it is also a curious fact to us to be informed, that then barber-surgeons exhibited not more wigs for the old, than a greater choice of beards for unfledged beaux, of red, blue, black, green, and yellow.

Upon this important subject—important because it forms a feature of our work—we find it necessary to adduce

adduce another instance of accordance with the old adage—"The times are changed."

The trifling, tattling village barber of the present day is a character very different from the grave professor of the healing art in times of yore, yet were both extremely loquacious. The beard, which in the first ages was by such professional men carefully trimmed and stained, and then, as fashion altered, expertly shorn, is now-a-days entrusted to inexperienced, unsteady boys, and sometimes, indeed, among the Welsh women shave the beards of men. In Holland, and parts of Germany, however, shaving is still considered a surgical operation.

A recent traveller through Wales

says,

says, that at Corwen he inquired for a *ton sor* (by the bye, an affected way of asking for a barber); after waiting till the supper was ready, and his patience was nearly exhausted, he discovered that his meaning was not comprehended—the flippant traveller might as well have spoken *Greek* to the attendants of a Welsh inn. The girl, supposing from the time of the evening, and the custom of the place, that he wished for the soothing sounds of music to lull him to repose, introduced a blind harper. Making himself more intelligible, he was informed that there was no barber within many miles; that a WOMAN shaved at Corwen.

A stout damsel made her appearance, about twenty-five years of age, of a fair and

and ruddy complexion, who, with the apparatus in her hands, and a smile upon her face, in broken English addressed herself to the company. Her shaving-box, she said, had been a present from a gentleman, whose beard she had taken off with so much dexterity and ease as to leave an impression of gratitude upon his mind, and he had, as a token, made this useful acknowledgment. She proceeded to the work.

Entertained with the novelty of the thing, and the perfect good humour of the operator, expressed in smiles and the softest sounds of her language, his beard was removed in a much shorter time than he could have expected.

On

On inquiry the traveller learned that the female shaver was named Magdalene Hughes, and the daughter of a creditable person in the town, possessed, at his death, of a small property, which, while the family remained together, was sufficient to maintain them; but that some being married, and others dead, she was left with an aged mother, and had taken up this odd, but profitable trade, as a means of procuring subsistence for them both.

The traveller declares that he never had been more pleasantly disengumbered of his beard; but, independent of this, from the consideration of the latter circumstance, the man of sensibility, he hopes, will never pass Cor-

wen without contributing a small gratuity to this dutiful daughter of affliction.

“ Have I then no tears for thee, my mother ?
Can I forget thy cares from helpless years,
Thy tenderness to me—an eye still beam’d
With love—a brow that never knew a frown;
Nor a harsh word thy tongue ? Shall I for these
Repay thy stooping, venerable age
With shame, disquiet, anguish, and dishonour ?
It must not be ! Thou first of angels, come,
Sweet filial Piety ! and firm my breast !
Yes, let one daughter to her fate submit,
Be nobly wretched—but her mother happy.”

The traveller presented her with a piece of silver on this occasion, and soon learned the happiness this unexpected event produced was not confined to herself. The generosity of this simple people

people appeared, in this, as in many other instances, of too liberal a nature to be confined within the narrow limits of *self*. The joy of the unadulterated Welsh character is the joy of social participation; the harper, who had been playing during the supper of the traveller, was now enlisted in the service of Magdalene; her young acquaintance in the town, and the servants of the house, were invited to the sports; the mistress of the house, entering into the spirit of the occasion, contributed her mite also.

The merry dance and cheerful song went round till a late hour, and he had the pleasure of witnessing a large portion of inoffensive mirth produced by an inconsiderable gratuity—of hearing
the

the enamoured swains' soft tales of love,
and the artless attention of the believing girl.

CHAPTER XIII.

Hail, wedded love ! mysterious law ! true source
Of human offspring ! sole property
In paradise, of all things common else.

MILTON.

Courtship—Marriage—Burial.

THE superior order of the Welsh would have the inquisitive traveller disbelieve the ancient mode of courtship among their plebeians, which, by many writers, is declared to be carried on in bed ; “and what is more extraordinary,” says Mr. Barber, “ it is averred that the moving tale

tale of love is agitated in that situation without endangering a breach in the preliminaries."

A Welsh gentleman, to this traveller, denied the existence of such custom: that maids, in many instances, admitted male bedfellows, he did not doubt; but that the procedure was sanctioned by tolerated custom, he considered a gross misrepresentation. Yet in Anglesea, and some parts of North Wales, where the original simplicity of manners, and high sense of chastity of the natives, is retained, he admitted something of the kind might appear.

In those thinly-inhabited districts, a peasant often has several miles to walk, after the hours of labour, to visit his mistress; those who have reciprocally entertained

entertained the *belle passion* will easily imagine, that before lovers grow tired of each others company, the night will be far advanced; nor is it surprising that a tender-hearted damsel should be disinclined to turn her lover out, over bogs and mountains, until the dawn of day. The fact is, that under such circumstances she admires a *caisons lecti*, but not in *nudatum corpus*. In a lowly Welsh hut this bedding has not the alarm of ceremony; from sitting, or perhaps lying on the hearth, they have only to shift their quarters to a heap of straw or fern, covered with two or three blankets, in a neighbouring corner.

The gentle and sympathetic Mr. Pratt says, he was an eye-witness to the process—"The servant-maid of the fa-

mily I visited in Caernarvonshire happened to be the object of a young peasant, who walked eleven long miles every Sunday morning to favour his suit; he usually arrived in time for morning's service, which he constantly attended; after which he escorted his dulcinea home to the house of her master, by whose permission they as constantly passed the succeeding hours in bed, according to the custom of the country. This tender intercourse continued without any interruption near two years, when the treaty of alliance was solemnized."

Another recent traveller, the Rev. J. Evans, informs us, that Hymeneal negotiations are literally carried on by the Welsh peasantry in bed. "The young Strephon frequently goes several Welsh miles

miles to visit the object of his choice, either to her place of servitude, or the residence of her friends. The young couple retire to a bedroom, and between the blankets converse on those subjects which the nature of the occasion may suggest. The youth generally goes on a Saturday night, and returns to his work on the Monday. This familiar intercourse continues for the space of two or three years, and seldom fails to terminate to the honour and happiness of the parties.

"I was almost illiberal enough to suppose," continued the last-named writer, "that so near a contact of the parties, at a time of life when passion is seldom subservient to reason, must have a dangerous tendency. An attention to the facts, however, soon corrected this

hasty judgment upon what has been for ages the custom of a country. Inquiring of those who by long residence have had an opportunity for information, I found this mode to be as innocent as any other. That it is considered so by the parties themselves is evident, from the ease with which it is conducted. No awkwardness of guilt appears in Strephon's step, nor blush of confusion in the fair one's cheek. The parents never refuse to acquiesce in it; nor do the most fastidious of the sex offer a single objection.

“ It has been observed, that a custom otherwise perilous, by becoming general, loses much of its dangerous tendency; and that what is considered as a matter of course seldom produces improper ideas. The power of habit, sanc-

tioned

tioned by popular opinion, may rise superior to passion, and the desire of fame above the charms that inspire it."

But Wales is by no means singular in this curious mode of courtship. Mr. Janson, in his "Stranger in America," informs us that it prevailed in the states of New England. "I have frequently," says this traveller, "heard of an *amusement* in New England called *bundling*. It is described as being resorted to by lovers. The young couple retire to bed with their clothes on, and there the lover tells his soft tale. One author says, that *bundling* has not its origin in New England, as supposed. It has been practised, time immemorial, in Wales, and is also a general practice in the Isle of Portland. I was informed that servant-

girls in Connecticut demand liberty to do so, on hiring to servitude ; they receive their gallants in the night in bed, with their petticoats tied to their ancles. In Holland, too, this is much practised among the peasants, and they call it *queesting*."

The reverend author just quoted on this strange courtship, which he too says the Americans call *bundling*, adds a description of the marriage ceremonies and burial service of the Welsh peasantry, and with which we conclude our present chapter.

" Marriages among these people are no less singular than their courtships. They are of two kinds—the great and the little wedding. In the little wedding persons cohabit together ; and if,

after

after trial, they have reason to be satisfied with each other, the friends are invited to witness the intentions of the parties, and they are considered as man and wife. If the parties prior to this are dissatisfied, the woman is dismissed; and such repudiation is not considered an hindrance to future marriage; but this is chiefly now confined to the borders of Cardigan.

“The great wedding is thus conducted: when two young people have agreed to enter into a state of wedlock, a friend undertakes to perform the office of *grea-haddor*, or bidder to the wedding, who goes round the neighbourhood to all persons in nearly the same situation in life. If the wedding is of the better sort of people, he carries circular letters

—if among the poor he does it *viva voce*.
The import and form of the message is
nearly as follows:—

‘ SIR,

“ My daughter’s wedding is appointed to be on Saturday the fourteenth instant next, at Eglwys Newdd, at which time and place I humbly beg the favour of your company; and what further remembrance you shall be pleased to confer shall be gratefully retaliated by me, who am,

SIR, &c.’

“ In consequence of this, or similar invitations, the friends and neighbours, for a great



a great extent, make a point of attending the wedding, laden with presents, consisting of money, butter, cheese, &c. &c. These are carefully set down by the clerk of the wedding, opposite to each respective name, which are to be paid in the same publice manner, and on the same occasions, whenever demanded. This custom is called *puires a gweegs*; and making the presents termed paying *preyddion*. As an ancient usage, it is considered, on refusal, as recoverable by law; but a sense of the reciprocal duty generally prevents having recourse to such a mode of recovery.

“It has sometimes happened that a species of matrimonial swindling has been practised; persons in distress have made feigned nuptials, to recall the presents

they may have made, and obtain those of others.

“ The day fixed, a few assembled for the purpose at the bridegroom’s friends, proceed to the house of the parents of the intended bride, and demand her in marriage. And though the bride, attended by her relatives, has been waiting in anxious expectation of the dear summons, yet delicacy or custom throws a temporary obstacle in the way to bliss.

“ The friends of the bridegroom, in rude poetic strains, recite the virtues of their hero, and the eligibility of the connexion; while those of the bride oppose the bride in equally cogent arguments. After this sham contest has continued the customary length, the father

father, or some near relative, steps forward, the bridegroom is introduced, the friends are treated, and, after a short interview, they proceed towards the church. But reluctance on the part of the fair is still affected to be shewn, who makes frequent attempts to escape, exhibiting symptoms of strong aversion to her change of state by unmeaning tears and forced lamentations. This farce acted, she at length quietly submits, and the ceremony at church performed, they repair to the house of the bride, and proceed to celebrate the wedding in continued mirth and festivity, for several days together: Sunday only puts an end to feasting, when the new couple sit down to receive further *preyd-dion*, and the congratulations of their friends.

“The gifts on this occasion, in case of poor people, sometimes amount to forty or fifty pounds—an essential benefit to young people just setting out in life. Till the business of the *prwyddion* is over, they do not appear out, which is generally by the second Sunday, when the friends attend them to church, and the marriage is, from this period, *esteemed valid, and properly sanctioned*.

“This custom undoubtedly originated in the hospitable and affectionate disposition for which this people were for centuries famed. Nor can it be denied, that this national dowry must have acted as a strong inducement to matrimony, and been highly conducive to the strength and population of the country; it provided a permanent and never-failing fund for the use of those enter-

ing



ing into life, which encouraged them to set out with hope, and called upon their resolution to persevere in the same economy and industry that produced it.

“We are sorry to be informed that this liberal custom is growing into disuse; and that population, in this already thinly-inhabited country, is likely to materially suffer in consequence.

“It might be expected that those who had such singular customs at the entrance on life, would have some peculiarities on their departure out of it. Previous to a funeral, it is usual for the friends of the deceased to meet in the apartment where the corpse is placed; some of them, generally the female part, kneel round it, and weeping bitterly, lament and bewail the loss of
their

their departed friend. When it is brought to the door, one of the relatives gives bread and cheese and beer over the coffin to some poor persons of the same sex, and nearly of the same age with the dead, for collecting herbs and flowers to put into the coffin with the body; sometimes a loaf, with a piece of money stuck into it, is added. This done, all kneel down, and the minister, if present, repeats the Lord's Prayer. At every crossway they stop, and the same ceremony is repeated, till they arrive at the church. Frequently the intervals are filled up by singing of psalms and hymns, which, amidst the stillness of rural life, and the echo of the hills, produces a melancholy effect, and adds to the sombre solemnity of the occasion."

Romantic as these ceremonies appear, the reader will recollect that they are vouched for by a reverend divine, who, by his name and style of writing, is, apparently, a Welshman, and a bachelor of arts, late of Jesus College, Oxon.

N O T E S.

N O T E S.

Page 2. *The rack should be his doom.*

The torture, in violation of the true spirit of Magna Charta, was inflicted on criminals till of late years. In 1732, William Spigget and Thomas Phillips were arraigned at the bar of the Old Bailey, London, on an indictment charging them with the crime of robbery. To this they refused to plead, unless the effects taken from them, when they were apprehended, were returned to them. This the court refused, as being contrary to the act of the fourth and fifth of William and Mary. Still they stood mute, on which the judgment of

the

the torture was pronounced and inflicted upon them, under an ancient law, which enacts—

“ That the prisoner should be sent to the prison from whence he came, and put into a mean room, stopped from the light, and shall there be laid on the bare ground, without any litter, straw, or other covering, or without any garment about him, except something to hide his privy members. He shall lie upon his back, his head shall be covered, and his feet shall be bare. One of his arms shall be drawn with a cord to one side of the room, and the other arm to the other side; and his legs shall be served in the same manner. Then there shall be laid upon his body as much iron or stone as he can bear, and more; and the first day after he shall have three morsels of barley bread, without any drink; and the second day he shall be allowed to drink as much as he can, at thr times, of the water that is next the prison door except running water, without any bread; and this shall be his diet till he dies: and he against whom this judgment shall be given forfeits his goods to the king.”

John

John Holland, earl of Huntingdon, was, by king Henry the Sixth, created duke of Exeter, and in the twenty-sixth year of that reign the king granted to him the office of the constableship of the Tower. He and William de la Poole, duke of Suffolk and others, intended to have brought in the civil laws; for a beginning whereof, the duke of Exeter, constable of the Tower, first brought therein the *rack*, or brak, allowed in many cases by the civil law; and thereupon the *rack* was called the duke of Exeter's daugh-

Page 6. *They caused the ignorant with pageantry, and thundered out their anathemas on those who were slack in contributions to support the ecclesiastic, or their refectories.*

Repeated disputes and contests followed the re-establishment of the Christian faith in the country, through the wavering of Paganism, the obstinacy of opinion, and the ambition of individuals

dividuals invested with great powers by the see of Rome. Much of the confusion of this and later periods probably arose from conceding too much to the professors of idolatry, and by retaining some of the ceremonies and forms of their mode of worship ; but the principal source of evil to the church was the excessive dignity the prelates assumed, and the luxury of their living, which being imitated in some measure by the inferior clergy, invited the disapprobation and censure of thinking men, besides the congregating of pious persons in abbeys and convents, where, property accumulating, the monks either did or were supposed to practise vices by no means suited to the assumed sanctity of their characters. Canons were frequently made for suppressing these deviations from religious propriety, but they had little effect after the moment of their promulgation.

The introduction of paintings and statues to bring to immediate recollection the principal events of religion had been misconceived by the ignorant, who were supposed to pay their adora-

tions

tions to those rather than the unseen Divinity. Well-disposed persons, therefore, wished their removal; this was opposed by others, and serious disputes terminated in favour of the latter. Another source of discord was the disposition of saints' bodies, and the reprehensible custom of selling real relics and fictitious fragments of bones and garments; in short, the audacity of the clergy in the aggregate could only be equalled by the ignorance and credulity of the multitude.

The people of England were confirmed in their credulity and superstition by their Norman invaders, whose curiosity sought continual gratification from soothsayers and fortune-tellers. Astrologers were entertained as part of the royal household; the lords of the court followed the example of the monarch; and though the common people could not maintain their wise men, they knew where to find them on every trivial occasion. Signs and dreams were under constant discussion, and greatly influenced both nations in all the transactions of life.

Peter, a hermit, attracted the notice of the public

public in the reign of king John, by prognosticating that the monarch would die ere the succeeding Ascension-day; but, unfortunately for this presumptuous fool, the king survived to exercise the tyrannic act of hanging him for a false prophet. Yet the eyes of the people were still directed into the dark gulf of futurity.

Edward the First had long been engaged in fierce wars with the Scotch, and although eminently successful against his enemies, they possessed that fortitude and enterprise, he generally found them close in his rear. When exhausted by conquest, he returned to England. Sensible of this trait in their national character, and fully appreciating his own abilities as a general, he became persuaded that the very presence of his bones, after his decease, would be efficacious in repelling their armies. He therefore prevailed upon his son and successor to swear he would have his body boiled in a large cauldron till the flesh parted, which was to be buried, and the former deposited where they might be conveniently obtained to head his unknown subjects, and

the monarch of the day. Froissart says, “ his son did not fulfil what he had sworn, but had his father carried to London, and buried, for which much evil befel him.”

Polydore Virgil relates an instance of the superstition of Edward the Third, which can hardly have been exceeded by that of the lowest of his subjects. A considerable sum of money lay spread before the king, which was intended to be used for his amusement. At that moment, he fancied he saw his Satanic majesty anticipating his purpose, and playing antics round the heap, the produce of a tribute exacted from the nation. Taking the hint, as he supposed it to be intended, that the cash belonged to the visitor, Edward immediately ordered it to be restored to his subjects.

Edward the Third went to France, in consequence of a defiance sent to the king of that country by sir Hervé de Leon. The fleet arrived in safety at La Hogue; the king, eager to land, leaped from his ship to the shore, fell, and

struck his face with such violence, that the blood gushed out of his nostrils.

“ Dear sir,” said the knight near him, “ let us entreat you to return to your ship, and not think of landing to-day, for this is an unfortunate omen.”

The king instantly replied—“ For why? I look upon it as very favourable, and a sign that the land is desirous of me.”

Few are ignorant of the schemes and artifices contrived by the priests of the middle ages to promote their pious or interested views. We are not, however, quite so well informed as to the immediate feelings of individuals on those subjects. Froissart relates a conversation between himself and sir William de Lisle, concerning St. Patrick’s hole, which is interesting:—“ On the Friday we rode out together; and, on the road, I asked if he had accompanied the king on his expedition to Ireland? He said he had. I then asked if there was any foundation in truth for what was said of St. Patrick’s hole? He replied

there

there was; and that he and another knight, during the king's stay at Dublin, had been there. They entered it at sunset, remained there the whole night, and came out at sunrise the next morning. I requested he would tell me whether he saw all the marvellous things which are said to be seen there. He made me the following answer—‘ When I and my companion had passed the entrance of the cave, called the Purgatory of St. Patrick, we descended three or four steps (for you go down into it like a cellar), but found our heads so much affected by the heat, we seated ourselves on the steps, which are of stone, and such a drowsiness came on, that we slept there the whole night.’ I asked if when asleep they knew what visions they had? He said they had many very strange dreams; and they seemed, as they imagined, to see more than they would have done if they had been in their beds. This they both were assured of. ‘ When morning came, and we were awake, the door of the cave was opened, for so we had ordered it, and we came out, but instantly lost all recollection of

every thing we had seen, and looked on the whole as a phantom."

Froissart mentions a circumstance which forcibly illustrates a popular superstition of the time of Richard the Second, who "had a greyhound, called Math, beautiful beyond measure, who would not notice nor follow any one but the king. Whenever the king rode abroad, the greyhound was loosed by the person who had him in charge, and ran instantly to caress him, by placing his two fore feet on his shoulders. It fell out, that as the king and the duke of Lancaster were conversing in the court of the castle (Flint), their horses being ready for them to mount, the greyhound was untied; but instead of running, as usual, to the king, he left him, and leaped to the duke of Lancaster's shoulders, paying him every court, and caressing him as he was formerly used to caress the king. The duke, not acquainted with this greyhound, asked the king the meaning of his fondness, saying—‘What does this mean?’

‘Cousin,’

‘Cousin,’ replied the king, ‘it means a great deal for you, and very little for me.’

‘How?’ said the duke. ‘Pray explain it.’

‘I understand by it,’ answered the king, ‘that this greyhound fondles and pays his court to you this day, as king of England, which you will surely be, and I shall be deposed; for the natural instinct of the dog shews it to him. Keep him therefore by your side, for he will now leave me and follow you.’

“The duke of Lancaster treasured up what the king had said, and paid attention to the greyhound, who would never more follow Richard of Bourdeaux, but kept by the side of the duke of Lancaster, as was witnessed by thirty thousand men.”

The Protestants are unquestionably indebted to Wickliffe for the original liberal ideas of religion they have since so happily matured. This primitive reformer is supposed to have been the descendant of an ancient family in the North of England, and an equal degree of uncertainty exists as to the exact time of his birth; it is as-

certained, however, that he was a pupil at Merton College, Oxford, became divinity reader there, and subsequently rector of Lutterworth, in Leicestershire. Henry de Knyghton, canon of Leicester, a contemporary and not a proselyte to his doctrines, and who cannot consequently be suspected of partiality, said of Wickliffe, that “he was the most eminent doctor of divinity in those times, second to none in philosophy, incomparable for school learning, and transcending most both in subtlety of science and profoundness of wit.” These inherent qualities, and his great acquirements, produced an intense habit of thinking, which soon convinced him, that the professors of the Christian religion had degenerated into little better than downright Pagans; and this conviction was in a great degree caused by different writers, who pointed out particular errors without comprehending those of the whole system: some taught him the usurpations of the popes upon the rights of kings; others the baseness of abbots and monks in supporting this supremacy. Abelard, and similar authors, gave him an insight into

into the true faith respecting the sacrament of the Lord's Supper: and he was instructed by Bradwardin in the true nature of sole-justifying faith; and, above all, he obtained from the works of Grosseteste the idea that the pope became a perfect Antichrist by forbidding the preaching of the Gospel.

It cannot be imagined that a man, feeling as Wickliffe did, could avoid attacking the errors and abuses he witnessed, both by preaching and writing; and as he included the ambition and avarice of the clergy, he soon became popular, and even gained many eminent persons to his opinions, particularly the duke of Lancaster; nor was Edward the Third his decided enemy. The prelates and beneficed churchmen were extremely alarmed with this unexpected examination into their tenets and conduct, but immediately adopted decisive measures to suppress the new heresy, as the doctrines of the reformer were termed; he was therefore cited to appear before the prelates and others at St. Paul's, to answer for defection. Wickliffe had the honour to receive the support of

the duke of Lancaster and sir Henry Percy, lord marshal, who attended him into the presence of his censors, where they insisted he should be permitted to sit during his examination; this being resisted by the bishop of London, a warm dispute occurred, in the course of which the duke threatened to check the pride of the British prelacy, and they, dreading his resentment, suffered their accuser to escape for that time.

At the commencement of the next reign, that of Richard the Second, the pope sent a bull to the University of Oxford, reproaching them with still permitting the persevering protestant to spread his schism, and threatening them with the deprivation of all their privileges and indulgences, if immediate steps were not taken to punish him. This intimation had but little effect, and the University was so well satisfied with Wickliffe, that they were doubtful whether it would not be proper to reject the bull with contempt; the head of the church had better success with the prelates, and they once more summoned Wickliffe before them. At the instant they were proceeding to business,

business, sir Lewis Clifford made his appearance, and in the name of the princess Joan, the king's mother, commanded them to desist, which they did, evidently through a conviction that the temporal interest of the state was fairly on his side, which was further proved by the peaceful death of Wickliffe in the year 1385.

This intrepid Christian had the courage to present several articles of complaint against the abuses of religion to parliament, which, he was convinced, were so well founded and demonstrable that none but the interested could oppose them. Still the time had not arrived when reflection might conquer prejudice, or the mass of the people be persuaded that anathemas, unsupported by temporal authority, were but mere sounds; hence they submitted to the decision pronounced against his doctrines in 1382; but thousands became Wicklifites, and their tenets descended to their posterity, when they had the term of Lollards, and underwent horrid cruelties and persecutions.—*Malcolm's Anecdotes.*

Page 8. Troubled saints were again at rest.

On this abominable part of priestly juggling, among numerous other impositions formerly practised upon the ignorant multitude, sir H. Spelman, in his ecclesiastic researches, says, that till the time of St. Gregory the Great, who was pope about the year of Christ 600, none were permitted to touch the bodies of saints; and instead of their bones, it was deemed sufficient to send a piece of cloth that had wiped them, in a box. St. Gregory himself even mentions this custom, and adds, that in the popedom of St. Leo, his predecessor, certain Greeks having doubted the virtues of these veils (cloths besmeared with the horrid remains of mortality of such as he chose to beatify after death), “the holy pontiff took a knife, and cut it in two before their eyes; upon which blood issued in plenty, as if it had been the living body of the saint.”

A priest

A priest of those days, and a priest of the nineteenth century, seem to be one and the same character; their studies are inimical to liberty, and they adopt those measures for enslaving the person, that they find successful in subjugating the mind. What is implicit obedience, but a species of superstition? and how near to idolatry is the debasing doctrine of the *divine* right of kings, or the dignified styling themselves the right reverend fathers *in God!*

Page 11. *All the barefooted lasses and youths dancing.*

This account is not exaggerated. It has more than once happened in Wales, that the minister was at the same time the fiddler of his own parish. Twenty or thirty years ago, such parsons were not uncommon; and dancing on a Sunday was not looked upon as a crime, but as an innocent and wholesome enjoyment. The times are changed, and the manners also. Such a phenomenon as a

fiddling minister would now be thought there as ominous of the subversion of the whole country, as comets with long tails were deemed by our ancestors.

In Mr. Bonnet's curious and learned treatise, entitled "*Histoire de la Danse*," we find that two sorts of sacred dances have been in use in the church, especially in France, the one called Baladoires, the other Brandons. The baladoires had degenerated into so monstrous a licentiousness, even in the early ages of Christianity, that the very Pagans were scandalized at them—the fathers of the church attempted the abolition of them with all their might—and the canons condemned them; both men and women, like the Adamites of Amsterdam, practised them with the most lascivious gestures. New-year's-day, and the first day of May, were the times of those strange solemnities. Pope Zachary, in 744, published a decree for suppressing them, and all others that went under the title of sacred dances; and there are several ordinances of the kings of France which forbid them, as tending to the total

total corruption of manners. This absurd religious rite was partially performed even down to the middle of the sixteenth century, but now happily abolished.

Page 53. *The funeral piles of their husbands.*

This horrid religious ceremony is still continued, according to the Brahminical rites, in the East Indies. An officer, high in rank in the service of the East India Company, thus describes this human sacrifice, at which he was present on the thirtieth day of June 1808:—

“ Yesterday, a suttee, or ceremony of a Brahmin woman burning herself with the body of her deceased husband, took place at Phooltarah, a village about two miles from Surat, on the banks of the Taptie. I went there very early, and arrived at the spot long before any preparations were made for the approaching solemnity. At length twelve slight poles were fixed, as uprights, in the ground, round which a wall of jewarrie stalks

stalks was placed, as was a roof also of the same stalk forming a shed of six or seven feet square, and about six feet high, with a small doorway facing the river. A platform, or bed, was then formed of billets of wood, six feet long, and between two and three feet wide, and two feet high. This was the funeral pile. In a short time after, the body of the deceased arrived, preceded by tomtome, and followed by the suttee, surrounded by Brahmins, and attended by her son, a youth of about eighteen years.

"The deceased was an old man, with grey hairs; the woman appeared about forty, and was very stout; she sat down before the door of the pile, and after performing a few ceremonies, she attended the body of her husband to the river, where she performed various ablutions; the Brahmins all this time, as well as at her arrival at the pile, prostrating themselves at her feet, as to a superior being. At her return from the river, ^{she} sat down near the opening of the pile, and the body of her husband was placed beside her. The body was then uncovered, on which she, with

one of the most emphatic, expressive smiles I ever saw, bowed her head towards his face, and said, in a mild tone of voice, in the Moorish language—‘ Ah! my husband!’ Her looks to me indicated more, as though she would have said—‘ Never mind, my husband, we shall not be long separated.’

“ The body of the deceased was then carried into the enclosure, and placed lengthway on the funeral pile. She then went through various mysteries and ceremonies, too intricate for me to understand; but, among others, she poured ghee (or holy water) several times on the sacred fire, which was placed before her, when her son took some of the ashes, and put them in her mouth, which she swallowed. She then drank three separate times of consecrated water. On returning the vessel to one of the officiating brahmins, he found a little left, which he swallowed with uncommon avidity; she then received a few rupees, at two different times, from her son, and presented them as offerings to the priest. Three female relations were then allowed to approach her;

her; they threw themselves at her feet, and seemed imploring for something. She touched all their foreheads, and gave each some grass, rice, and flour, and they departed. I must not omit mentioning, that blades of grass were invariably used, even in the most trifling ceremonies.

“She was then decorated with a necklace of camphire, and bracelets of the same; as also a wreath, forming a turban, indicative of her throwing off the nature of womanhood, and indicative of that of the man.”

Page 55. *He lost his peace of mind.*

Socrates, in the Phedon, makes a great difference between virtue and habit, with regard to allotments hereafter. He says, that a person who behaves well, from a moral principle, shall be entitled to infinitely higher reward than one who fills up the same measure of duty, merely from use or exercise. Christian divines carry their distinction much farther, by giving the same advantage

advantage to religion over morals, that Socrates does to morals over habit.

Page 98. *The great men, foreigners as well as his own subjects, who attended his court.*

Edward the Third restored the honours of king Arthur's round table. "He caused to be called together a great many of artificers to the castle of Windsor, and began to build a house, which was called the round table, the floor whereof, from the center or middle poynt of the compasse, was an hundred foote, and the whole diameter two hundred foote, and the circumference thereof six hundred foote three quarters." —*Stowe's Chronicle.*

Page 111. *Let my boy win his spurs.*

The spurs are one of a knight's greatest honours. When lord Cochrane was deprived of his knighthood,

knighthood, the officer on whom that duty devolved kicked his armour out of his stall, and hacked off his spurs.

Page 121. *The intercession of the amiable Philippa.*

The reader will find a minute delineation of this eventful part of history in Colman's admirable drama of "The Surrender of Calais," and true to history.

Page 132. *They were generally fixed in Smithfield.*

Smithfield, once the scene of the royal joust and tournament, of horse races, and equestrian evolutions, was originally called Smoothfield, *planus et re et nomine*, from its being a smooth, level piece of ground, and therefore set apart as a proper spot on which to shew and exercise horses.

horses. “Without one of the gates of the city,” says the historian, “is a certain field, plain or smooth, both in name and situation. Every Friday, as at present, without some great festival or royal sport intervene, there was a fine sight of horses brought to be sold; many came out of the city to buy or look on, to wit, earls, barons, knights, and citizens. It was a pleasant sight to behold the horses there, all gay and sleek, moving up and down, some in the amble and some in the trot, which latter pace, as rougher to the rider, was better suited to the men at arms.”

Page 134. *They generally tilted in honour of their favourite mistresses.*

Even in the reign of Athelstan this practice prevailed. The renowned Guy earl of Warwick, when only a private knight, fell in love with the daughter of the then earl of Warwick. To prove himself worthy of his mistress, sir Guy was obliged to signalize his prowess. He therefore went to

Germany,

Germany, to be present at a tournament that was to be held in the presence of the emperor's court. Upon this occasion he bore away the prize from every competitor, and performed such feats, that the emperor, surprised and captivated by his valour, offered him his daughter in marriage.

Sir Guy modestly rejected the imperial overture, on account of his passion for the earl of Warwick's daughter. The emperor then presented him with a falcon and hound—valuable presents at that period: these, with the trophies he had won at the tournament, he brought with him to England, and, according to the prevailing customs of chivalry, presented them to his mistress.

He then paid his respects to king Athelstan, who at that time held his court in the city of York. The king informed him of a prodigious large and furious boar who did great mischief in some parts of Northumberland, not only destroying men, women, and children, but doing much damage to the fruits of the earth. Guy undertook to rid the country of this monster; and, procuring

procuring a guide, they repaired to his haunt. The furious beast issued from a cave, with eyes sparkling like fire, and upon Guy's attacking him, bit his lance in two: Guy then drew his sword, and after a short conflict dispatched him, and cutting off his head, returned to York, and presented it to the king.

This feat, like others of a similar nature, was in that barbarous age soon magnified into a victory over a dreadful dragon who vomited fire, whose eyes were flaming orbs, and whose breath was sulphureous poison.

Phillis, the earl of Warwick's daughter, satisfied with the feats by which sir Guy had signalized himself, now gave him her hand, and they were married with much splendor and ceremony before king Athelstan and his court.

Some time after this period, he made a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and on his return, finding the nation greatly distressed by the ravages of the Danes, he repaired to Winchester, at that time one of the strongest places in the kingdom, where king Athelstan had been compelled

to

to take refuge, and to which the Danes had laid siege; but it was at length agreed by the king and the Danish commander, that their dispute should be decided by single combat.

A prodigious giant then came from the Danish camp, and went to Mem Hill, near the walls of Winchester, where he made use of many menacing expressions, and brandished his sword in defiance of the English. This so much exasperated the earl of Warwick, that he entreated the king to let him go and encounter this Danish champion. The king giving his approbation, said—“ Go, and prosper, noble pilgrim.”

Guy, leaving the city by the north gate, advanced towards Colbrand, the Danish giant, who no sooner saw him, than he said in a jeering manner—“ What, art thou the best champion England can afford?”

The earl of Warwick answered him with his sword, and a most desperate combat ensued; but at length fortune declared in favour of the earl of Warwick; the giant was slain, and the Danes, according to agreement, retired to their ships,
and

and sailed to their own country. For having thus delivered his country, the king would have conferred upon him distinguished honours ; but he steadily refused all reward and distinction, observing, that he had bid adieu to the vanities of the world.

He then retired to a cave in the neighbourhood of his castle, to spend the remainder of his days in religious tranquillity ; and leading the life of a hermit, he died in that obscure recess. This cave is situated about a mile to the north-east of Warwick, in a great cliff, called Guy's Cliff, on the west side of the Avon.

Richard Beauchamp, earl of Warwick, established a chantry at that hermitage, and in memory of the famous Guy, erected a large statue of him in the chapel, eight feet in height, and raised a roof over the adjacent springs. At this famous spot, at present stands Guy Cliff House, the seat of Bertie Greathead, Esq.

Sir William Dugdale, in his Antiquities of Warwickshire, says—“ Here is to be seen a large two-handed sword, with a helmet, and certain plate

plate armour for horse service, which, as the tradition is, were part of the accoutrements some time belonging to the famous Guy ; but I rather think they are of much later date ; yet I find that in the first of Henry the Eighth, the sword having that repute, the king granted the custody thereof to William Hoggeson, one of the yeomen of the Buttery, or his sufficient deputy, with the fee of elevenpence per diem for that service."

The horse armour is no longer shewn ; but in recompence, the remaining curiosities have been reinforced by the accession of Guy's spear, buckler, bow, spurs, and porridge-pot, as likewise the slipper of the beautiful Phillis.

Page 154. *Along the shelvy shore of the Thames,
through Charing.*

The Strand extended from where Temple-Bar now stands, along the banks of the river, which Shakespeare says was then " shallow and shelvy," to Charing Cross. This Strand was a long, straggling

gling village, of huts, wherein mostly dwelt fishermen, and such as attended the craft on the water. The situation of this “distinct village,” says Entick, in his Survey of London and Places adjacent, “was almost upon a level with that river (the Thames), as may be conjectured, from finding the virgin earth nineteen feet deep, in digging the foundation of St. Mary le Strand: and formerly there was a bridge, called Strand Bridge, erected a little to the east of where Catherine Street now stands, over a brook, which ran out of the fields, across the Strand into the Thames near Somerset Stairs.”

That part of Westminster now called Charing Cross, in the time of Edward the Third, was a small straggling village, called Charing; and upon the king erecting a monument there in memory of his departed queen, surmounted with a cross, the village was called Charing Cross.

Page 154. *To the hall of Rufus, where the morning's repast was prepared.*

The ground on which the city of Westminster stands was in the earlier ages an insular spot, and having been much overgrown with thorns previous to its becoming generally inhabited, it received the appellation of "Thorney Isle." Traces of the channels of those streamlets that once separated it from the main land, are yet in some places perceptible; and Maitland, in his History of London, page 1327, observes, that "the branch of the river which surrounded the same, now denominated *Long-ditch*, had its outflux from the river Thames near the east end of Manchester-court, Channel-row, and intersecting King-street, glided along where Gardiner's-lane is situate, to Long-ditch (a street so called), wherein the name of this ancient water-course is still preserved, and crossing Tothill-street, a little west of the gate-house, continued its course along .

along the south wall of the abbey-garden to the Thames, where now the common sewer is, which was erected over it."

Edward the Confessor, the predecessor of Harold, is supposed to have built the royal palace, of which Westminster Hall formed a part, and in which he constantly resided; its remains, together with the chapel of St. Stephen, adjoining the south-east angle of the hall and north end of the old palace (founded by king Stephen, and afterwards rebuilt and converted into a collegiate church by Edward the Third in the year 1347), are at present used for the assembling of the High Court of Parliament, for the office and court of Exchequer, and for various public offices.

The abbey church of St. Peter, or what is generally called Westminster Abbey, appears to have been originally founded by Sebert, on the ruins of a splendid temple dedicated to Apollo. Being much destroyed by the ravages of the Danes, it was rebuilt by king Edgar, who endowed it with many lands and manors, and by his charter, anno 969, granted it ample privileges.

Being again reduced by Danish cruelties, it was restored to a more rich and flourishing condition than before by king Edward the Confessor, who appropriated for that purpose one-tenth of his estate, both real and personal, and pulling down the ruinous building, erected on its site a handsome structure. The building also becoming ruinous, was taken down, and its reconstruction commenced by Henry the Third, about the year 1240, and the body of the building was not finished until more than forty years afterwards, from which time to the present it has been continually receiving repairs and embellishments.

Page 154. *To regale at Westminster.*

"In the year 1316, Edward the Second did solemnize his feast of Pentecost at Westminster, in the great hall, where, sitting royally at the table, with his peers about him, there entered a woman, adorned like a minstrel, sitting on a great horse, trapped as minstrels then used, who rode

rode round about the tables, shewing pastime, and at length came up to the king's table, and laid before him a letter, and forthwith turning her horse, saluted every one, and departed."—*Stowe's Survey of London.*

Page 180. *The friends attend them to church, and the marriage is from this period esteemed valid, and properly sanctioned.*

Among ancient Welsh customs, we find the following :—" If a wife proved unfaithful to her husband's bed, the poor man was obliged to pay his lord five shillings as long as he *cydgysgn* (that is, as long as he slept with her); but if he forbore cohabiting with her, and she *cydgysgn* with her gallant, the fine fell on the offending fair. To cuckold a prince was expiated at a very high rate. The offender was fined a gold cup and cover, as broad as his majesty's face, and as thick as a plowman's nail who had plowed nine years, and a rod

a rod of gold, as tall as the king, and as thick as his little finger."

Chaucer, the father of English poetry, thus describes the marriage ceremony of his day.

" But finally y-comen is the day,
That to the cherch both twaye bewthey went,
For to receive the holy sacrament,
Forth comes the priest, with stole about his neck,
And bad her be like Sarah and Rebeck
In wisdom and truth of marriage ;
And said his orisons as is usage ;
And crouched him, and bad should him bless,
And made all sure enow with holiness."

END OF VOL. II.

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